

## THE REPUBLICAN.

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TERMS CASH.

## IN THE PRIME.

Pathless and fragrant those woodlands wait;  
Never the husbandman comes to till;  
All the young earth is untrodden still,  
Save close against the Paradise gate.

Up from the sycamore, oak and lime—  
Up from the thicket lichen here,  
Up from the moss, sweet and clear,  
Telling their joy in the gladness prime.

Vines that are climbing the trees among,  
Loaded with clusters of purple fruit—  
Why are they drooping, and sad, and mute,  
Restlessly yearning the whole day long?

Luscious red strawberries, thickly set—  
Crab-apples harsh, and the wilding pear?  
Perhaps they are dreaming of vineyards fair,  
Gardens and orchards unplanted yet.

## The Silver Lining.

"Every cloud has its silver lining," but it seemed to Helen Livingston that there could be none to her sorrow-cloud, it was so dark and heavy.

And yet her home was a most luxurious mansion, she had everything money could buy, she was yet young, and very beautiful. But there is one sorrow which cannot be averted—death. Two years ago her husband, proud, noble-hearted Edward Livingston, died. That almost crushed her, but she bore up for the sake of her son—her bright-eyed, golden-haired Eddie.

And now Eddie was gone. And since the day they laid him beside his father, all her energy was gone. All her hopes and interests in life left her, and all day long she lay upon the sofa or sat in a deep lounging chair in her darkened chamber, scarcely eating food enough to sustain life, refusing to see any friends except her own family, and resisting all entreaties to get out for a breath of air.

And here her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, found her, as she came one bright morning, and bringing a breath of Heaven's fresh love to her close, perfumed and heated.

"Come, Helen, do come out for a little ride," she entreated. "I've brought my own carriage and ponies, and I'll drive you myself. It is such a lovely morning! Please, Helen!"

But Helen only turned wearily on her sofa.

"No, no, Sue! How can you ask me?"

"It will do you good, Helen," pleaded Sue.

"I don't want to be done good. I only want to be let alone. I never want to leave this room until I'm carried out as poor little Eddie was," moaned Helen.

"And that won't be long, I'm thinking, if you are allowed to go on in this fashion," muttered Sue, under her breath, while she said aloud, using a last argument, "Please come, Helen. We'll drive out to Laurel Hill and take some flowers to Edward and Eddie."

But still the mourner only sighed. "No, Sue, no! I send flowers out every day. But I can't go myself; don't tease me, Sue."

Poor Sue stood still, her bright eyes full of tears, looking at her sister for a little while. Then she turned abruptly and left the room without another word. And she drove her pretty ponies straight to the house of a dear old Quaker friend—in two senses—into whose presence she carried her petition.

"Aunt Rachel, do please go and see Helen?" she begged. "I can't do anything with her—none of us can, and if you can't I don't know what will become of her!"

"These knows I will do what I can," softly returned Rachel Dalrymple. "Sit thee down here and tell me all about Helen."

And having heard, Aunt Rachel nodded her dove-colored plume, and went in Sue's carriage to the mourner's home.

"The servants will not want to admit you, but don't be denied," said Sue as Aunt Rachel got out.

The dear old lady nodded, and when the door was opened she walked in at once.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

"Mrs. Livingston does not see visitors," exclaimed the waiter.

"She will see me. I will not trouble thee to go with me," she said, as she continued straight up to Helen's darkened chamber.

Entering with a soft tap, she crossed the room and took Helen's thin, white hand.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

"Oh, the light," moaned Helen, turning away her head.

"We cannot live without the light, my dear," said Aunt Rachel, returning to a seat close beside Helen. "Now Helen," she said, gently, "I am older than thee, and I've been through the deep waters of tribulation. Tell me all thy troubles, and I will help thee if I can."

The gentle words and tones went to Helen's heart, and she burst into a torrent of such tears as she had not shed before since her bereavement.

"Two or three hours Aunt Rachel staid, and continued her tender ministrations, and when she left she had won from Helen a promise that she would no longer nurse her sorrow in selfish loneliness, but go about in the world

and endeavor to do the duties still left to her.

"If thee tries to do right, thee'll find there is some happiness left yet," said gentle Aunt Rachel. And though Helen did not quite believe that she could ever be happy, she knew her wealth afforded her large means of doing good, and for that she would try to live.

A few months later the winter snow had covered Eddie and his father with a robe of spotless white, and it was near the happy Christmas-tide.

More than one humble home in the great city had been brightened by Helen's generous Christmas gifts, and she began to take some pleasure in these pleasant duties.

The day before Christmas she had word of an aged and bedridden relative across the river, on the Jersey side, and she at once went over to see her.

As she stepped upon the ferry boat to return, she found it very crowded and with difficulty got a seat next to a plain, neat countrywoman who lived with her a little fellow of five or six years, and Helen's heart thrilled as she looked at the little face with its bright blue eyes and golden hair, for it bore quite a resemblance to the dear face of her lost Eddie.

She could not help speaking to the child, and trying to win it to her, and presently she had him upon her knee.

"What is your little boy's name?" she said, addressing the woman.

"Eddie Hamilton," said the stranger, with a sigh, and Helen's heart thrilled again at the familiar name.

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," continued the woman.

"Ah!" commented Helen, interested at once.

"No, ma'am, he's not mine. His mother was a widow, and came to Brookville, where I live, a year ago next March. She was very poor, and she had a little home right next to us, and tried to make her living with her needle. But she made her death, ma'am, that's what she made—and we couldn't bear to see the little chap suffer, and him not a friend in the world, as we knowed of, so we took him, me and my John, and we've kept him ever since."

"Do you still intend to keep him?" asked Helen.

"We can't, ma'am. We're poor, hard-working folks, and we've got five children of our own. John had a bad fall last week—he can get about the house, but the doctors say he won't be able to work a lick this winter. I don't stand to reason that we could keep an extra one, and be just to the rest, does it, ma'am?"

"No, indeed," returned Helen, politely.

"That's what's taking me to the city to-day," returned the woman. "We hated to do it, me and John did, awful bad, but we didn't see no other way to do, so I'm taking him to the Orphan Asylum. Do you think they'll be good to him, ma'am?"

A thought which had struggled in Helen's heart for the last few minutes, found expression now.

"I don't know," she said, eagerly. "But I do know some one who would! You say you are poor—I am rich, and I am widowed and childless. I have lately lost my husband and my little Eddie, and I am alone and lonely. Give me your little Eddie, and I will love him and be good to him, and bring him up as my own child!"

"Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the countrywoman.

"Indeed I am! He looks like my lost Eddie—that is what first made me love him—and it seems to me as if Heaven had sent him to me. He is my Christmas present. Oh, do let me have him!"

"I can't say no, ma'am. I am sure he will have a happy home with you," replied the woman.

"Go with me and see!" cried Helen. "Your John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me your name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Mine is Livingston. Now, Mrs. Reynolds you shall go home with me. It is not near the distance it is out to the Orphan Asylum, and you shall see what I will do for little Eddie. Oh, I am so happy to have him!" And as Helen hugged the child to her bosom, she did, indeed, feel that he was, in some measure, her lost Eddie restored.

So when Mrs. Livingston's elegant carriage met her on the city side of the ferry, she took Mrs. Reynolds and little Eddie to her handsome home. And over a dainty dinner, which Helen ordered, they made all arrangements and plans for little Eddie's transfer to his new home.

For Helen proposed to adopt and educate him as her own son, with her own name, taking pride in the thought that, after all, an Edward Livingston might bear the name, and wear the wealth and honors of the family.

When Mrs. Reynolds returned home, Helen sent her to the ferry in her carriage again to save her the long walk.

"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she said, as they parted, for Helen had no false pride about her—she was too true a lady for that—and I will bring him to see you. I don't want him to forget his kind benefactors. And here, slipping a tiny roll into Mrs. Reynolds' hands, "is a little Christmas present for John and the children."

And when Mrs. Reynolds looked at the "little Christmas present," she found it was a crisp, new hundred-dollar bill.

And so that Christmas eve a golden

curly head rested on the empty crib pillow in Helen Livingston's room. And the next morning two little stuffed stockings lying over the table loaded with Christmas toys.

While Helen herself was so bright and happy that when sister Sue and Aunt Rachel came in to see the little stranger, of whose arrival Helen had sent them word, they stood astonished at the transformation.

"These sees," Helen," said Aunt Rachel, "that I was not wrong when I told thee if thee tried to do right thee would be sure to be happy."

Ten.

An infusion of black tea properly prepared, produces a general state of exhilaration, not merely temporary, like that occasioned by warm beverages, which do not contain the stimulating principle, but more or less durable and tending to impart renewed energy to the system enfeebled by fasting, cold, fatigue or depression of spirits.

The pulse is quickened; strength and activity take the place of prostration, and the stimulus continues for some hours without leaving seriously bad effects. All these results which are favorable to health and comfort are obtained with great ease, and may be put within the reach of very limited means.

If taken in too great quantities this may lead to a feverish condition, but in a healthy person, even black tea is carried off by perspiration.

The effects of green tea are at first accompanied by all the pleasant sensations we have just described, but a great many persons subsequently experience other symptoms. About an hour after imbibing the beverage, they perceive a disturbance of the nerves along with a disposition to gape; uneasiness in the stomach with palpitations of the heart and a very perceptible trembling of the limbs, the result of which is general debility.

These symptoms are especially noticed in persons who rarely use green tea, and some cannot get accustomed to it, while, with others, habit gradually puts an end to these unpleasant sensations. Still, even among these are many who green tea, taken in the evening, agitates and renders so wakeful that they cannot sleep, although black tea has not such influence on them. Most consumers strike a compromise and get along very well with a mixture of black and green tea, which is more fragrant than any black variety taken alone, excepting, always, the Pekoe.

Adulterations of tea are usually made to conceal spontaneous or accidental changes of the original article. The latter are generally discolorations resulting from dampness or light, or caused by an immersion in water. In such cases, useful quantities as well as appearance have been impaired and the wish to restore the latter has undoubtedly first suggested falsification. At all events it has been remarked that adulterated teas have usually been impregnated with coloring substances, and consequently the green teas are more subject to their use than the black.

In some specimens of adulterated green teas, chromate of lead mixed with Prussian blue and indigo has been detected. The Sanitary Commission of London, in examinations made some years ago, found in a great many samples of green tea, the residue of refined teas, Prussian blue, curcuma and potter's clay. Many contained the leaves of other plants, such as the plum tree, camellia, the most of which must be unwholesome to a greater or less degree.

The Chinese, formerly, employed indigo to give a fine color to the green tea; but now for the same purpose, they use Prussian blue, adding a little curcuma to get a greenish tinge. Robert Fortune says that the Celestials thus doctor all the teas they export, but none that they keep at home; moreover, they mix with the teas they send away a little sulphate of lime, or in other words, plaster, to give them an efflorescent look analogous to that of the down upon the young leaves.

The Frigate Bird.

I see a small blue point in the heaven. Happy and serene region, which has rested in peace above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of 10,000 feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous wings. A gull? No; the bird is too small. It is the little ocean eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the darling navigator who never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorpion of all peril—the man-of-war or frigate bird. We have reached the culminating point of the series, commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings; scarcely any body—hardly as large as that of the domestic cock—while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The great problem of flight is solved and overpassed, for the power of flight seems useless. Such a bird, naturally sustained by such support, need not allow himself to be borne along. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquillity. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him; literally, he sleeps upon the storm.

When he chooses to soar his way seriously, all distance vanishes; he breaks fast at the Senegal; he dines in America.

## Tibet and Quito.

It was Warren Hastings who first drew attention to the striking analogy, both as regards climate and situation, which exists between Tibet and the Valley of Quito in South America. Like the Himalayas, the Andes consist of three parallel chains; and in both systems numerous rivers rise in the central range and force their way through deep ravines, dividing the lofty summits of the outer chains. But, as a recent writer has observed, "the analogy between the land of the Yncas and the plateau of Tibet may be carried still further. In both the staple produce is wool, yielded by llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas in Peru, and by sheep and shawl-goats in Tibet. In both the beasts of burden are llamas or sheep, needing a wide area of pasturage, and consequently numerous passes on their journeys, in order that a profitable trade may be carried on with the low country. Both abound in the precious metals. In both the people cultivate hardly cereals, and species of chenopodium, called quinoa in Peru, and batun in Tibet. The people, too, have many beliefs and customs in common, down to that of heaping up large piles of stones on the crests of mountain passes." The vast extent and lofty height of the Himalayan ranges which surround Tibet on three sides naturally suggest the idea of an extensive watershed, and from their sides spring into life the largest rivers of Asia. To them India is indebted for the Indus, the Smtlej, the Ganges, and the Brahmaputra, and in them the two great water highways of China, the Yang-tze-keang and the Yellow River, find their sources. The climate of Tibet is bleak and cold. High winds prevail during a great part of the year; and snow, which begins to fall early in the Autumn, remains unmelting on the ground until April. In the soil the inhabitants find no compensation for the severity of the climate. No abundant crops, set in a fruitful soil, lie buried beneath the snow to shoot upward the instant the first rays of the sun fall upon them, as in Canada. Few woods and forests are to be found to enrich the sandy surface of the country with fallen leaves and rotting boughs; and even the droppings of the numerous roaming herds are perverted from their natural office of fertilizing the soil, to warm the hearths of many thousands to whom wood and coal are unobtainable luxuries. The life of a Tibetan farmer is thus one of labor and toil, unrelieved by even the occasional feeling of gratification, experienced by husbandmen in more favored regions, at the sight of an abundant return for the industry and care expended on the ground. Wheat, barley, and peas are the principal crops which are wrested from a soil which at best yields its meagre products with niggard hands.

A Fourteen Years' Duel.

Perhaps the most remarkable duel on record is that related of a Mr. Fournier, a captain of Hussars, at Strasbourg, in the latter part of the last century. This Captain Fournier was accustomed to wantonly provoke a quarrel with any one whom he might chance to meet in order to gratify his extraordinary thirst for blood, which rendered him akin to the tiger species. Upon one occasion he had insulted, fought and killed a young man by the name of Blumm, who was a great favorite with the good citizens of Strasbourg, and his sad and cruel death, resulting from a quarrel so utterly unprovoked on his part, exasperated them to the highest degree.

The military commander of the place had some time previously announced a ball, which happened to fall upon the night of the burial of the unfortunate Blumm. He, knowing the state of excitement into which the bourgeoisie had worked themselves over the legalized murder of one of their class, and fearing the consequences which might ensue should they meet Captain Fournier at the entertainment, directed one of the officers, by the name of Dupont, to post himself at the entrance of the hall and prevent the admittance of the dauntless duelist.

The command was a dangerous one to fulfill; nevertheless it was cheerfully undertaken by the brave Dupont, who was himself no mean swordsman, and had long desired an opportunity to meet and punish this much-feared bravo.

In due time Fournier presented himself at the door, where Dupont received him with the quiet remark that by his General's orders he could not permit him to pass. Fournier, twirling his moustaches and glaring ferociously at the imperturbable Dupont, exclaimed: "Ah! c'est ça! I cannot fight the General for his rank; you will, perhaps, have no objection? you, who commit impertinences at second-hand!"

The challenge was accepted, and the combatants meeting a few days after, Dupont succeeded in inflicting a severe wound upon his antagonist, but in the act of falling Fournier called out for a second trial. It was granted, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered they met again. This time Dupont was wounded. Being enraged at the rough and vicious manner in which his opponent had thrust him, Dupont claimed another meeting, to which, of course, the victor readily assented. The latter likewise desired that the contest should be decided by pistols, feeling certain of success with this weapon, as he was known to be a dead shot, and frequently amused himself by knocking the pipes out of the mouths of the sol-

diers with a bullet. Dupont, however, was too wise to grant him this advantage, and the swords were still preserved. The third contest resulted in a mutual wound, a duel convention was drawn up between them, which is still in existence, and runs in this wise:

1. As often as M. Dupont and Fournier find themselves within thirty leagues of each other they shall meet half way between for a duel with swords.

2. If either of the combatants finds himself restrained by the exigencies of the service, the other shall make the entire journey in order to effect a meeting.

3. No excuse, except such as may grow out of the exigencies of the service, shall be admissible.

This singular compact was executed in good faith and many curious meetings strangely brought about, was the result. One writes to the other upon a certain occasion:

I am invited to breakfast with a party of officers at Augsburg, and hearing that you are in the neighborhood would be obliged by your affording me the opportunity for another sword thrust. Truly yours, etc.

Again a letter runs in this strain: Mox Am; I will be passing through Strasbourg on the 3d inst. We will fight.

In the course of years one or the other would be promoted; this destroyed the equality of rank between them, and according to French etiquette no duel could take place. As soon, however, as the advancement of the inferior restored the balance of rank, the contest was renewed in accordance with the terms of the contract. The duel appeared like a last for many years, as both were experienced swordsmen and adhered rigidly to the rule that no thrust should be made at the head or chest. It is related that they once met very unexpectedly in a Swiss chalet. The fact of its being night time did not prevent their proceeding immediately to their bloody work. Between the sword thrusts they carried on the following conversation.

"Parbleu! I thought you were in the interior."

"No, I am ordered here."

"Don't we shall be near by. Are you late arrived?"















# Jacksonville

# Republican

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## UNDER THE GUNS.

Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill  
Daisies are blossoming, buttercups fill  
Up the grassy ramparts the clematis flings  
High its green ladders, and clambors and  
clings

Under the guns,  
Over the guns,  
Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill.  
Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill  
Once shook the earth with the cannonade's  
thrill,  
Once trod the buttercups feet that now still  
Lie all at rest in their trench by the hill.

Under the guns,  
Under the guns,  
Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill.  
Over the guns of the Fort on the Hill.  
Equal the rain falls on good and on ill;  
Still blooms the upland, and still the brook  
runs,  
Still toils the husbandman—under the guns  
Under the guns,  
Under the guns,  
Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill.

Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill.  
Lord, in Thy mercy we wait on Thy will;  
Lord! is it Thy wisdom best known?  
Lord! is it Thy peace that Thy goodness still  
shows?

Under the guns,  
Under the guns,  
Under the guns of the Fort on the Hill.  
I cannot set down in so many words  
just when or how it came to be under-  
stood by my partner, John Still-  
man, and myself, that I was to marry  
his daughter, Nannie, when she was  
old enough. I have a vague impression  
that she was in long clothes when we  
first talked of it.

Her mother died when she was little  
girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her  
home to the family house on Owl's  
Corner, one of the prettiest little villages I  
had the good fortune to see. But Nannie  
was eighteen when I first met her, a  
woman, and this was the scene of our  
meeting:

John had sent for me to come to Owl's  
Corner on a certain July day, promised  
to drive over to the station and meet  
me, as my elderly legs covered the  
ground slowly. We retired from business  
rich men both, some five years be-  
fore, and corresponding regularly. But  
I had been abroad, and this was my  
first visit to Owl's Corner in ten years.  
I remembered Nannie as a romping  
child, fond of swinging on the gates,  
climbing up grape arbors, and imperi-  
ally her neck fifty times a day. John  
always saying on such occasions:

"She's a little wild, but she'll get  
over that."  
I waited at the station for half an  
hour; then, seeing no sign of John, I  
started to walk to the house. It was  
mid-day and fearfully hot, and when I  
had accomplished but half the distance  
I turned off the road and started through  
a grove that gave me a longer walk,  
but thick shade. I was resting there  
on a broad stone, completely hidden by  
the bushes on every side, when I heard  
John's voice:

"Where have you been?"  
There was such dismay and astonish-  
ment in the voice that I looked up in  
surprise, to find that he was not greet-  
ing me, but a tall, slender girl coming  
towards him. Such a sight! She was  
dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin  
dress of rose pink, faultless about the  
waist and throat, but from the waist  
down clinging to her, one mass of the  
greenest, blackest, thickest mud and  
water.

"In the duck pond," she answered,  
with a voice as clear as musical as the  
chime of bells. "Don't come near  
me."  
You are enough to wear a man into  
his grave."

"There, don't scold," was the coaxing  
reply; "little Bob Ryan fell in face  
down. It did not make any material  
difference in his costume, but I was  
afraid he would smother, so I waded in  
after him. The water is not over two  
feet deep, but the mud goes clear  
through to China, I imagine. It is  
rather a pity about my new dress, isn't  
it?"

"A pity," roared John. "You'll  
come to an untimely end some day with  
your freaks. As if there was nobody  
to pick an Irish brat out of the duck-  
pond but you."

"There actually was no one else  
about. There, now, don't be angry.  
I'll go up to the house and put on that  
bewitching white affair that came from  
New York last week, and be all ready  
to drive over to the station with you,  
at what time?"

"About three. Lawrence is coming  
on the 2:10."  
And I had come on the 11:10. This  
accounted for the failure to meet me. I  
kept snug in my retreat until John and  
Nannie were well on their way home-  
ward, wondering a little how many  
young ladies in my circle of friends  
would have so recklessly sacrificed a  
new dress to pick up a beggar's brat out  
of the mud.

Imagination have pictured Nannie  
Stillman wading in a duck pond. But  
the half shy, half dignified company  
manner soon wore away, and Nannie  
and I were fast friends before dinner.  
She sang for me in a voice as deliciously  
fresh as a bird's carol, she took me to  
see her pets, the new horse that was  
her last birthday gift from "papa," the  
ugly little Scotch terrier with the beau-  
tiful brown eyes, the rabbits, Guinea  
hens, and the superannuated old pony,  
who had preceded the new horse.

In a week I was as much in love as  
ever John could have desired. Nannie  
was the most bewitching maiden I had  
ever met, childlike, yet womanly,  
frank, bright and full of girlish freaks  
and boyish mischief, and yet well edu-  
cated, with really wonderful musical  
gifts, and full of noble thoughts. She  
was a perfect idol in the village, her  
friends and neighbors thinking no  
party complete without her, while the  
poor fairly worshipped her.

John allowed her an almost unlimited  
supply of pocket money, and she was  
lavish in all charity, from blankets for  
old women, tobacco for old men, to can-  
dies for the children, and rides on her  
horse for the urchins. And she had a  
way of conferring favors that never  
wounded the pride of the most sensitive.

We rode together every morning, we  
walked in the cool evening hours, we  
spent much time at the piano, and dis-  
cussed our favorite authors, and one  
day when I asked Nannie to be my  
wife, she said cooly:

"Why, of course, I thought it was  
all understood, long ago."  
I was rather amazed at such matter-  
of-fact coolness, but delighted at the re-  
sult. How could I expect any soft,  
blushing speech? I suppose I ranked  
just where John and Nannie's grand-  
mother did in her affections.

But one morning when Mrs. Stillman  
was nipping her geraniums in the sit-  
ting-room, and John was reading the  
morning's newspapers, Nannie burst  
in, her beautiful face all aglow, her  
eyes bright with delight, crying:

"Oh, grandma! Walt has come  
home! I saw him riding up the road."  
She was going then, just as John ex-  
claimed:

"Confound Walt!"  
"Who is Walt?" I naturally in-  
quired.

"Walter Bruce, the son of one of our  
neighbors. He has been like a brother  
to Nannie all her life, but went off to  
Europe two years ago, when he came  
of age. They wanted to correspond,  
but I forbade that. So he has turned up  
again."

It was evident that John was terribly  
revelled, and I very soon shared his an-  
noyance. Walt, a tall, handsome young  
fellow, improved, not spoiled by travel,  
just haunted the house.

He was generally off with Nannie as  
soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs.  
Stillman's ill-concealed coldness, and  
John's sarcastic speeches about boys  
and puppies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy  
eyes were opened in the morning, Nannie  
had taken a long walk with Walt,  
was at the piano when I came into the  
room, and Walt was beside Nannie  
when the hour for our usual stroll ar-  
rived.

And the very demon of mischief pos-  
sessed the girl. There was no freak  
she was not inventing to imperil her  
life, riding, driving, boating, and I  
fairly shivered sometimes at the prospect  
of my nervous terrors when it would  
be my task to try to control this quick-  
silver temperament.

But one day when I was in the sum-  
mer house, a very useful little maiden,  
with a tear-stained face, came to my  
side.

"Walt is going away!" she said.  
"Indeed?"  
"Yes; and he says I am a wicked  
flirt!" with a choking sob; "I thought  
I would ask you about it."  
"About what?"

"Our getting married. You know  
papa told me I was to marry you ages  
and ages ago."  
"Yes."

"And I knew it was all right; he  
said so. But Walt says you must be a  
muff if you want a wife who is always  
thinking of somebody else. And you  
know I can't help it. Walt has been  
my friend ever since I was little, and  
we were always together. And when  
he was in Europe, papa wouldn't let  
us write to each other, but I kissed his  
picture every night and morning and  
wrote his hair in a lock, and thought  
of him all the time. And he says you  
won't like it after we are married."

"Well, not exactly," I said dryly.  
"You'll have to stop thinking of him  
then."

"I don't believe I ever can. And so  
I thought I'd tell papa we don't care  
about being married after all. I don't  
think I could ever be sedate and grave,  
like an old lady, and of course I ought  
to be a man to be an old man's wife."

"Of course."

"And I am so rude and horrid, I  
am not nice like city girls, and I am  
altogether hateful; but Walt don't  
care."

I rather agreed with Walt as she  
stood in shy confusion before me, her  
eyes full of misty, her sweet lips quiver-  
ing. It was a sore wrench to give her  
up, but I was not quite an idiot, and I  
said, gravely:

"But your father?"  
"Yes, I know, he'll make a real  
storm. But then his storm don't last  
long, and may be you would tell him

that you have changed your mind. You  
have, haven't you?"  
"Yes; the last half an hour has quite  
changed my matrimonial views."

I could not help smiling, and the  
next moment two arms encircled my  
neck, a warm kiss fell upon my cheek,  
and Nannie cried:

"You are a perfect darling, and I  
shall love you dearly all my life."  
So when I lost her love I gained it.  
She flitted away presently, and I gave  
myself a good mental shaking up and  
concluded my fool's paradise would  
soon have vanished if I had undertaken  
to make an "old lady" out of Nannie.

John's wrath was loud and violent.  
He exhorted all the vituperative lan-  
guage in the dictionary, and then sat  
down, panting, but furious.

"Come now," I said, "what is the  
objection to young Bruce? Is he  
poor?"  
"No, confound him! He inherits his  
grandfather's property, besides what  
his father will probably leave him."  
"Is he immoral?"  
"Never heard so?"  
"What on earth ails him, then?"  
"Nothing; but I have set my heart  
upon Nannie's marrying you."

"Well, you see she has set her heart  
in another direction, and I strongly ob-  
ject to a wife who is in love with some-  
body else."

"What on earth sent the puppy  
here?"  
"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come,  
John, you won't be my father-in-law,  
for I will not marry Nannie if you are  
ever so tyrannical; but we can jog  
along as usual, the best of friends—  
look!"

I pointed out of the window as I  
spoke. On the garden walk, shaded by  
a great oak tree, Walter Bruce stood,  
looking down at Nannie with love-  
lighted eyes. Her beautiful face, all  
dimpled with smiles and blushes, was  
lifted up to meet his gaze, and both her  
little hands were fast imprisoned in his  
strong ones.

John looked, his face softened, his  
eyes grew misty, and presently he said:  
"How happy she is, Lawrence."  
"And we will not cloud her happi-  
ness, John," I answered. "This is  
right and fitting. Nannie is too bright  
a May flower to be wilted by being tied  
up to an old December like me."

So when half fearful, the lovers came  
in, they met only words of affection,  
and Nannie's face lost nothing of its  
sunshine.

She was the loveliest of brides a few  
months later, and wore the diamond  
parure I had ordered for my bride, at  
her wedding. And she is the most  
charming little matron imaginable,  
with all her old freaks merged into sun-  
shiny cheerfulness, and her husband is  
a proud happy man, while I am Uncle  
Lawrence to the children, and the warm  
friend of the whole family.

This city, spoken of as a retreat for  
the Sultan, has "seen better days." For-  
merly the residence of the kings of  
Bithynia, it fell into the hands of the  
Turks in 1356, and became the capital  
of the empire, which position it held  
until the taking of Constantinople by  
Mohammed II. in 1453. A more pleas-  
ant refuge for a monarch in distress  
can hardly be conceived. Situated at  
the foot of Mount Olympus, in Asia  
Minor, it is faced by a beautiful plain  
covered for many miles with plantations  
of mulberry trees. Its streets are re-  
markable for their cleanliness; and its  
bazaars, plentifully supplied with  
European goods, afford unusual facili-  
ties for shopping, besides imparting an  
air of liveliness to the place that re-  
deems it from the charge of dullness  
too often brought with some justice  
against the cities in Asia Minor. Every-  
where, however, has its thorn, and  
Broussa is no exception to this rule. It  
is subject to frequent earthquakes, and  
those who live in it must expect, like  
those who are in the habit of traveling  
much by railway, to be occasionally  
severely shaken. Apart from this slight  
inconvenience, Broussa, although of  
course not to be compared to Constanti-  
nople for beauty and splendor, is by no  
means a bad substitute for that capital  
on an emergency, and from its associa-  
tions alone cannot be regarded other-  
wise than with a feeling of profound  
veneration by the Turks.

Wealth of the Ancient Hebrews.  
In the time of David and Solomon  
gold existed in enormous quantities  
among the Hebrews. The figures given  
in the Old Testament appear most fabu-  
lous. From 1 Chron. xxv:14, we learn  
that David had collected together for  
the purpose of the Temple building a  
hundred thousand talents of gold; and  
a thousand talents of silver; and from  
1 Chron. xxix:13, we learn that over  
and above this enormous amount he  
contributed from his own possessions  
three thousand talents of gold and  
seven thousand talents of silver; whilst  
the people in addition, offered "for  
the service of the house of God, five thou-  
sand talents and ten thousand drachms  
of gold, and of silver ten thousand  
talents." (1 Chron. xxix:17.) From  
these data the total value of the gold  
and silver has been calculated at nearly  
one thousand millions sterling, a sum  
greater than our national debt, and  
larger than the combined annual ex-  
penditure of all the governments of  
Europe.

Humanity revolts at those odious op-  
pressions that result from avarice.

The Olive in America.  
Thomas Jefferson wrote from Paris  
in 1787, "Although the olive is a tree  
the least known in America, it is the  
most worthy of being known. Of all  
the gifts of heaven to man it is next to  
the most precious. And," he added,  
"having been myself an eye-witness to  
the blessings which this tree sheds on  
the poor, I never had my wishes so  
kindled for the introduction of any  
article of new culture into our new  
country."

General A. C. Jones, of the Depart-  
ment of Agriculture, has prepared,  
under direction of the Commissioner of  
that Department, some interesting  
papers treating of the culture and uses  
of several species of agricultural prod-  
ucts which are only known to the  
majority of Americans as high-priced  
and rather indigestible luxuries, but  
which furnish in many other coun-  
tries valuable staple articles of food to  
all classes. Among these are the date,  
the fig and the olive.

Of the latter General Jones says the  
olive tree in full bearing yields on an  
average from two to three bushels of  
fruit, which would produce from fifteen  
to twenty pounds of oil. An acre of  
land properly planted should contain  
about one hundred such trees, and  
grass or other crop may be cultivated  
between the trees to advantage. The  
tree will grow where there is not a re-  
dundancy of moisture, and in any kind  
of soil, in a latitude congenial to it. It is  
a branching evergreen tree, slow of  
growth, very tenacious of life, and of  
great longevity; so great, indeed, that  
it is thought probable that the trees at  
present growing in the valley of Gethse-  
mane are those which existed at the  
beginning of the Christian era. Olive  
oil may be said to form cream and but-  
ter for those countries in which it is  
produced. The fruit of the olive is  
preserved by pickling, and in Europe  
forms an important article of food for  
the people. The wood of the olive, es-  
pecially the root part, is beautifully  
clouded and veined, has an agreeable  
odor, and is susceptible of the highest  
polish. Valuable lubricating and illu-  
minating oils are also produced from  
the fruit, and an inferior product enters  
largely into the manufacture of fine  
soaps.

The cultivation of the olive has  
several times been attempted in this  
country, and hardy specimens now  
exist in California and South Carolina.  
Although no one seems ever to have  
carried the matter to a profitable end,  
the results of the various experiments  
prove, Mr. Jones thinks, that our  
climate is not unfriendly to the olive,  
and no reason is known why an in-  
dustry which is of so much value to  
France, Italy and various countries in  
the East should not thrive in America.  
No traveler in Eastern lands nor  
reader of books of Eastern travel need  
be told how important a place in the  
Oriental bill of fare Olives fill.

The Population of Jerusalem During the  
Siege of Titus.  
Many persons, especially those imper-  
fectly acquainted with Oriental habits,  
have found it difficult to believe that  
nearly three millions of people could  
have assembled within the walls of  
ancient Jerusalem, and one distinguish-  
ed writer has characterized the state-  
ments of Josephus upon this point as  
"so childish that it is surprising any  
one could ever have repeated them,"  
and has given "60,000 or 70,000" as the  
"extreme estimate" of the number of  
persons in the city when Titus came  
against it.

Some years ago it occurred to me that  
a reasonable and practical way of ex-  
amining this question would be to ascer-  
tain the number of square yards to  
each person in the houses of the modern  
city, and to compare the result with  
the statements of historians respecting  
former times, making allowance for the  
changed condition of the city and the  
circumstances of exceptional pressure  
under which Jerusalem was placed im-  
mediately before and during the siege.  
Measurements were accordingly taken  
of three houses in the present Jewish  
quarter, which may be considered as  
fairly representing the dwellings of the  
three classes of which the Jewish com-  
munity is composed, and of the native  
residents generally.

In the first lives one of the most re-  
spectable of the merchant class of native  
Jews, with his family, consisting of  
nineteen persons. The house has a  
ground floor, now, like most ground  
floors in Jerusalem, partly subterranean  
a first floor, with courtyard, kitchen,  
etc., and an upper floor, with two more  
chambers, a courtyard and a small  
kitchen. The building is quadrilateral  
and measures 53½ feet by 19½ feet,  
outside measurement, giving 54.8 square  
feet to each inhabitant.

The second house chosen was that  
of one of the principal rabbis of the  
Sephardite community, a member of  
the Beth Din, holding a high and influ-  
ential position. His house is one of the  
best in the Jewish quarter. Measures  
34½ feet by 22½ feet, outside measure-  
ment and gives accommodation to sixteen  
persons—48.5 square feet to each. A  
house in the poorest part of the quarter  
was next sought. It is inhabited by  
Polish and native Jews. In one room  
a tailor lives with his family and works  
at his trade, in another a school for lit-  
tle boys is kept. The house has a court-  
yard with a staircase to the upper story,  
and a gallery running round three sides.  
It lodges thirty-nine persons, and mea-  
sures 39½ feet by 30½ feet, outside

measurement, giving seventy-seven  
square feet to each inhabitant. Put-  
ting these three houses together, we  
have, (1) 1043 square feet with nineteen  
persons; (2) 776 square feet with sixteen  
persons; (3) 3004 square feet with sev-  
enty-four persons, or about seven  
square yards to each inhabitant. None  
of these people complain of overcrowd-  
ing; and it is remarkable that the poor-  
est have the largest space.

If now we take the area of the city  
at the time of the great siege to have  
been 3,500,000 square yards ("The city  
of Herod and Saladin," Besant and Pal-  
mer, page 23, note), and deduct one-  
half for the space occupied by the streets  
the temple, Antonia, and Xystus, the  
synagogues, etc., we have 1,750,000  
square yards for dwelling houses,  
which, if populated only as thickly as  
the average Jewish houses of the pre-  
sent day, would have contained 250,000  
persons, living in comfort according to  
the requirements of Eastern habits and  
when it is recollected that the houses of  
the ancient city were, in all probability  
several stories high, that the streets, or  
at least some of them, are known to  
have been very narrow; that in conse-  
quence of the disturbed state of the  
country a great many Jews from other  
towns and villages had taken refuge in  
the capital; and that it is never pre-  
tended, even by Josephus, that the im-  
mense influx of people at this time  
was not productive of great discomfort  
and eventually of great distress—there  
will not, perhaps, appear any strong  
reason to doubt that the statement of  
the Jewish historian may be nearer the  
truth than has sometimes been sup-  
posed.

A Wonderful Story of a Dog.  
Many years ago, Mr. Maitland, a re-  
spectable farmer, died in one of the  
settlements of Canada. He left a widow,  
a pious and amiable woman, and three  
small children. Mrs. Maitland thought  
herself unable to manage her large  
farm, and after renting a cottage in the  
nearest village, she leased her land for  
a number of years, and then sold off  
everything except the necessary furni-  
ture for her new home.

After the sale was over, a friend went  
into the house and congratulated her  
upon the plan she had adopted, remark-  
ing at the same time that she could not  
feel secure in her unprotected state  
while in that lonely house.

"Not unprotected," replied Mrs. Mait-  
land with a sad smile, "you forget that  
I am under the special care of Him  
who remembers the fatherless and the  
widow in their desolation."

The farm-house was a solitary one—  
not another within half a mile, and that  
night there was a good deal of money  
in the house—the proceeds of the sale.  
The mother, her three young children  
and a servant girl were the sole inmates.  
They had retired to rest, but the wind  
was howling furiously, and shaking the  
old house at every blast. This kept the  
poor mother awake, and she thought  
she heard in the pauses of the tempest,  
some strange and unusual noise, ap-  
parently at the back of the house.

While eagerly listening to catch the  
sound again, she was startled by the  
violent barking of a dog, seemingly just  
beneath her bed-room. This alarmed  
her still more, as they kept no dog on  
the place. She immediately arose, and  
going to the servant's room awoke her,  
and they went down stairs together.  
There was a moon, though the night  
was cloudy, but still light enough to  
distinguish objects faintly. They saw  
a very large black dog in the hall  
scratching and gnawing furiously at  
the door leading into the kitchen,  
whence Mrs. Maitland thought the noise  
she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the  
door which the dog was scratching so  
violently. The girl was a fearless crea-  
ture, and she did so without hesitation,  
when the dog rushed into the kitchen  
and the widow saw through the open  
door two men at the kitchen window  
which was open. The men instantly  
retreated, and the dog leaped through  
the window after them, when a violent  
scuffle ensued, and it was evident from  
the occasional relapsing of the noble dog,  
that he was sometimes getting the worst  
of it. The noise of the contest gradually  
receded till Mrs. Maitland could only  
hear a faint and distant bark. The  
robbers and perhaps murderers, had  
taken out a pane of glass which enabled  
them to undo the fastenings of the win-  
dow, when but for the dog, they would  
have, doubtless, accomplished their  
purpose.

The mistress and servant now dressed  
themselves; for sleeping any more that  
night was out of the question. They  
had scarcely gotten down stairs the  
second time when they heard their pro-  
tector scratching at the outer door for  
admittance. When it was opened he  
came in wagging his bushy tail, and  
fawning upon each of them to be petted  
and praised for his valor. He then  
stretched his huge body at full length  
beside the warm stove and went to sleep.  
Such a breakfast as he got the next  
morning! but nothing could induce him  
to prolong his visit. He stood whining  
at the door till it was opened, when he  
galloped off in a great hurry and they  
never saw him again. Neither had they  
ever seen the dog before and did not  
know to whom he belonged.

This little story, gleaned from the  
journals of a missionary in Canada, not  
only adds another bay leaf to the crown  
of the most faithful and intelligent  
of brutes, but what is better, confirms  
the sacred and reliable assurance that  
"He who keepeth Israel neither slum-  
bers nor sleeps."

The Tallow tree of China is valued  
not only for the fatty matter it



The Republican.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11th, 1878.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Editors REPUBLICAN.—The friends of Capt. JAMES A. SAVAN, by his permission, hereby authorize you to announce through your paper, the name of a candidate for Representative of Calhoun county in the next Legislature.

By his permission, the friends of W. P. COOPER, Esq., present his name to the voters of Calhoun county as a suitable man to represent them in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized and requested to announce Col. JAMES M. SMITH as a candidate for Representative of Calhoun county in the next Legislature.

The County Convention (the proceedings of which we publish elsewhere) was a representative body of men from all parts of the county. The proceedings throughout the day were marked by a spirit of fairness and harmony that augurs well for the good of the party in Calhoun. A most excellent body of men were appointed to represent the county in the State and Congressional District Conventions, and it is understood all will attend. In making up these delegations, as well as the County Executive Committee, the wishes and interests of every section of the county was consulted, and no section or beat given undue prominence over any other. The County Executive Committee was enlarged so as to embrace one member from each beat instead of a Central Committee of three from the county as is formerly the case. The question of the nomination of a candidate for Representative was not brought up, and we presume from this that it is the universal wish that there be a free race for the place this year. This was wise on the part of the Convention, we think, and will go a great way towards harmonizing the party in the county and welding in again into that compact mass it once was before a difference of opinion sprung up among members of it as to the wisdom and expediency of the convention system.

There is now nothing left for the party to divide on, and Democrats are entirely free to vote for a Representative on the personal worth and fitness of candidates alone, and the only question will and should be, "Who of the gentlemen presented will best serve our interests in the coming Legislature?"

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY CONVENTION.

Pursuant to a call of the County Executive Committee, the County Convention met in the Court house at 12 m. Tuesday, May 7th.

Capt. Wm. M. HANCOCK, chairman of the County Executive Committee, called the meeting to order and briefly explained its object.

Mr. H. L. STEVENSON was made temporary secretary.

On motion the delegates came forward and enrolled their names as follows:

BEAT No. 1.—J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant, H. L. Stevenson, C. E. Ellis, Abram Adair, W. C. Carpenter, A. O. Stewart, T. H. Yarbrough, Wm. Johnson.

BEAT No. 2.—J. D. Miller, E. P. Crook, G. W. Humphries, W. E. Bush, W. M. Elgin, W. P. Cooper, V. L. Weir, J. M. Sheld, J. L. Green.

BEAT No. 3.—W. Glover, W. E. Lambort, John Miller, J. M. Ledbetter.

BEAT No. 4.—No representation.

BEAT No. 5.—J. Y. Henderson, P. H. Brothers.

BEAT No. 6.—J. A. Glean, Ott. Smith, J. H. Gilleland.

BEAT No. 7.—J. A. Dickinson, G. W. Landers, R. H. Hollingsworth, Wm. Landers.

BEAT No. 8.—Warren Harris, Robt. McCain, Jno. M. Patterson, Z. W. Bradley, C. H. Reeves.

BEAT No. 9.—S. M. Penland, J. A. Graham, H. C. Keith, J. H. Boles, F. M. Savage, J. S. Sharpe.

BEAT No. 10.—J. M. Andrews, S. S. Love.

BEAT No. 11.—B. S. Evans, J. P. Ward.

BEAT No. 12.—J. F. Davis, C. D. Davis, J. P. Davis, Allen Elton.

BEAT No. 13.—Sam. Noble, Thos. P. Renfro, J. A. Gladden, W. A. McMillan, A. M. Connelly, B. D. Williams, Jno. Loyd, G. B. Skelton, R. G. Roberts, Jr., J. F. Smith.

BEAT No. 14.—T. W. Francis.

On motion the official report of the Democratic vote cast in the last gubernatorial Convention was adopted as the basis of representation.

On motion, L. D. Miller was made permanent President, and L. W. Grant and R. G. Roberts, Jr., were made permanent Secretaries of the Convention.

On motion a Committee, consisting of one from each beat, was appointed by the Chair to select delegates to attend the State Convention at Montgomery, by the advice and consent of the beat delegations. The Committee reported the following delegates and alternates, and the report was adopted:

DELEGATES. ALTERNATES.  
J. T. Martin, R. D. Williams,  
W. M. Ledbetter, L. D. Miller,  
Thos. P. Renfro, Malone Ledbetter,  
T. W. Francis, H. C. Keith,  
G. W. Landers, J. D. Ross,  
J. M. Sheld, J. D. Hammond,  
J. M. Caldwell, J. S. Sharpe,  
J. F. Davis, E. P. Crook,  
J. P. Davis, Wm. Glover,  
B. W. Weaver, J. A. Glean,  
G. W. Landers, J. E. Parsons,  
L. D. Miller, J. O. Watson,  
B. S. Evans, C. D. Davis,  
B. D. Williams, Zami Henderson,  
Sam. Noble, J. A. Graham.

By the same resolution a majority of the Committee was declared to be a quorum, and by subsequent resolution Hon. Wm. H. HANCOCK was made Chairman of the Committee.

On motion a Committee composed of

one delegate from each beat, was raised to report to the Convention on delegates and alternates to attend the next Congressional Convention of this District. The Committee reported the following names and the report was adopted:

DELEGATES. ALTERNATES.  
Wm. H. HANCOCK, Miles H. Harrison,  
John H. Caldwell, Wm. Glover,  
W. P. Bush, Thos. P. Renfro,  
J. P. Davis, H. C. Keith,  
J. A. Graham, J. H. Savage,  
J. Y. Henderson, T. W. Francis,  
J. O. Watson, C. D. Davis,  
G. B. Skelton, G. B. Skelton,  
A. B. Scarborough, J. W. Whitehead,  
L. D. Miller, Chairman.

Constitution adjourned sine die.

L. W. Grant, J. G. Roberts, Jr., Secretaries.

A WOMAN'S SIN.

The Tragic Period of Kate Sothorn's Life—Her Trial for the Murder of Miss Cowart—Conviction and Sentence to Death.

From the Atlanta Constitution, ad inst.

One calm night in the fall of 1876, the husband of Kate Sothorn, a citizen of Pickens county, in North Georgia, was thrown into consternation by the murder of a beautiful young woman named Narcissa Cowart, at a ball, by Mrs. Kate Sothorn.

An account of the killing, the romantic escape and capture of the parties a year afterwards, was published in the Constitution on the 14th of February last. A spoonful of the terrible story is about as follows: Soon after the marriage of Mr. Robert Sothorn, a handsome but wild young fellow, to Miss Kate Sothorn, one of the most beautiful and fascinating young ladies in North Georgia, he left her to live at the dwelling of her father, Mr. Hambrick. All the belles and beaux of the neighborhood were invited and attended.

Among the number was a beautiful young lady, by the name of Narcissa Cowart. She it seems, was one of those handsome country girls who, knowing her charms, delighted in making conquest of men. Let never dreaming that harm would in any way result, Gay and light-hearted, she passed the evening in dancing from early evening until the hour of midnight. At that fatal hour she danced her last time with Mr. Sothorn. Kate, his wife, it appears, had become jealous of the beautiful Narcissa, and early in the evening informed her husband that he must not dance with Miss Cowart or speak to her during the night. To this it seems he assented, and contented himself by dancing with her in the morning.

From the fact that the fair Narcissa had formerly been a sweetheart of Bob's, hence the admonition. As intimated, however, at about 12 o'clock, the assistant-hunt of Mrs. Kate Sothorn, a fair young bride, she beheld Miss Narcissa Cowart upon the floor dancing with her husband for a partner. Seized with jealous rage, but without any exhibition of an evil tongue, she calmly walked up to her husband and informed him that he had promised to dance that set with her. He remonstrated, but she persisted. At length finding that the two were determined to dance through the set, the jealous young wife turned and walked quietly outside to her father and demanded the loan of his knife.

Hesitating to comply, her father enquired for what purpose she wanted it. She replied, "to cut my husband's throat." Reminding her that it was rather late to be cutting tooth-brushes, her father reluctantly handed her his large pocket knife. Returning to the dance-room, she found that the dance was over. Watching with furtive eyes she soon espied the object of her jealous rage, dancing across the room. With the lightning of a tiger she was beside the apparently happy but doomed woman. Seizing her by the shoulder with one hand, she exclaimed: "You have danced enough."

Brandishing the knife but a moment over her own shoulder in order to give force to the fatal blow, she plunged it deep into the neck of her victim. The warm blood shot from the wound to a wall five feet distant. Still another blow was dealt and the sharp knife penetrated deep into the left breast. A third blow to the floor, still another stab was made with the fatal weapon, which made its way into her body through her belt and clothes. By the time the unfortunate young lady fell she was dead.

Confusion and amazement was never great. Some asked to know who was the man that struck that woman. Mrs. Kate Sothorn exclaimed, firmly, "I am the man that did it!" The audience rose in a body and rushed to the doors and said that no one should pass. Bob Sothorn at once took his wife by the arm and said, "Gentlemen, I am going to leave this house and take my wife home. Her remarks were made emphatic by the exhibition of a dangerous looking pistol in his hand. The people allowed him to pass before they had time to realize what had taken place. Sothorn and his wife made good their escape.

Miss Cowart's family offered a reward of \$250, and the Governor added \$150.

A year elapsed before any tidings were made public of the tragedy. They were found in Franking county, N. C. The history of their escape and capture is very romantic. They were considering the propriety of returning and giving themselves over to the law when arrested.

At the time of her capture, in January last, Mrs. Sothorn bore in her arms a small infant.

The whole family were placed in Pickens jail, together with two or three others engaged in the affair. Last week at Pickens superior court, the case against Kate Sothorn was taken up for trial. Judge George N. Lester presiding. The case occupied four days in trial. Every particle of evidence possible on either side was brought out, and every legal point was hotly contested. After an exhaustive trial, on Saturday 25th, she was found guilty of murder, and was sentenced to be hanged on the 21st of June. Solicitor General Green was assisted by Mr. S. A. Darnell of this city, and Mr. J. C. Allen of the University of Georgia. The defendant was defended by Congressman H. P. Bell, R. P. Lester, W. H. Simmons, W. T. Day and Col. Carey W. Styles.

The trial was very exciting, people having come in to the court from all parts of the county. The poor woman had her child in her arms nearly all the time. When sentence was pronounced, it is said she was completely overcome. A very unusual thing in the trial of a case in Georgia is found in the fact that all the attorneys on both sides, save in all, made speeches and were unlimited in time. A motion for a new trial was made and was heard on Monday, the 13th inst. It is more than probable that the case will reach the Supreme Court.

Should she be hung she will be the second woman ever hung in Georgia.

And in view of the severe sentence meted out to her, Smith for permitting Miss Sothorn to be hung, it is reasonable to suppose that Gov. Colquitt will have to be thoroughly convinced of the justice of the sentence before he will allow her to hang.

A Successful German.

While at Callahan, this week, we went to the home of Mr. W. O. Meisner and found him and his wife to be people of cultivation and refinement. Three or four years ago he entered 100 acres of Government mountain land for \$15, purchased an additional 50 acres for \$20 and paid for the improvements thereon \$500, being an aggregate of \$750 for his tract. He has recently refused \$9,000 in cash for his home.

According to the generally received opinion in this country such land could not be so cultivated as to bring remunerative crops of grain. Such has been our theory, and such the native idea which has been demonstrated to be true, practically, under our system, as oft as we have known the experiment made. The American makes a poor yield and the longer he cultivates such land the poorer it becomes. The German, with his ideas, makes good crops in the outset, while he is being enriched all the while. Mr. Meisner has erected his home dwellings and a barn in which he has his cattle tied up in stalls, boded with hay and corn. He has a large number of acres of land, and he has eleven acres in grapes, in a high state of cultivation, from which he manufactures and sells wine, and has strawberries and other fruits in abundance. He has grounds for raising all kinds of grain and grasses. He has a ditch three and a half feet deep to convey a small stream through his farm, and is erecting a number of dams to irrigate the land. He has a large number of acres of land, and he has eleven acres in grapes, in a high state of cultivation, from which he manufactures and sells wine, and has strawberries and other fruits in abundance. He has grounds for raising all kinds of grain and grasses. He has a ditch three and a half feet deep to convey a small stream through his farm, and is erecting a number of dams to irrigate the land. He has a large number of acres of land, and he has eleven acres in grapes, in a high state of cultivation, from which he manufactures and sells wine, and has strawberries and other fruits in abundance. He has grounds for raising all kinds of grain and grasses. He has a ditch three and a half feet deep to convey a small stream through his farm, and is erecting a number of dams to irrigate the land. 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**ED. G. CALDWELL,**  
(At the old Forney Corner.)  
Has on hand the best brands of Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
Go buy one of those choice Sugar Cured HAMS  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**

**Cheap Groceries for Cash** at the old Forney Corner.  
**Fresh Lard** at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
**Fresh Meat** at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
**Choice Vegetable and Flower Seeds** for sale cheap at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**

Go buy one of those fine Plows of the Towers patent at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
A splendid lot of new Tin-ware at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
Finest article of kerosene oil at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
New lot of stone-ware at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers prices at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**  
Get your 20 mackerel for one dollar at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

**SEED CORN.**  
100 BUSHELS very superior White Seed Corn, carefully selected and matured for years, by David P. Walker, of Monroe county, Tenn. This corn is offered at \$1 per bushel. Apply or send orders to  
**MADDON & PRIVETT.**

You just ought to try the Little Fairy, a pure Havana five cent cigar, for sale at the Red Store.  
A lot of nice Side Meat, at MADDON & PRIVETT'S, cheap for cash.  
A fine lot of Harness Leather, fair or black, at the Red Store, can be bought at 38 cents per pound by the side.

Several nice Kip and Calf Skins; also side upper, cheap at M. & P.  
North Eastern seed Potatoes, the best on the market at the Red Store.  
MADDON & PRIVETT have a lot of SMOKED JOWLES, the cheapest meat you can buy.  
HONEY straight or in the comb at the RED STORE.

MADDON & PRIVETT claim to have the BEST TOBACCO in town—try it and see if they are right.  
Go to the RED STORE to GET your FLOW gear.  
Sugars, Coffees, Tobaccoes, Meat, Flour &c., always on hand at moderate price at the Red Store.

**W. P. & ED. L. PARR,**  
Grocers & Commission Merchants.  
Solicit consignments of all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Corn, Wheat, Flour, Bacon, Lard, and any other article usually sold in a Grocery Store.  
Go to Parr and buy SUGAR, COFFEE, Meal, Grits and Hominy.

If you want S O A P that will clean your clothes without washing, go to Parr's and buy their Magic Soap.  
The best Smoking TOBACCO is the genuine Blackwell. Parrs have it—try it. Also Chewing Tobacco.

Go to Parr's to buy your Batter, Cheese, Crackers, Nuts and Candy—come one, come all.  
The Parrs are selling 25 lbs best Pearl GRITS for \$1.  
Go to Parr's to buy MATCHES at 40c per doz. round wood boxes.

W. P. & Ed. L. PARR will pay the market price in cash for Corn Meal, Flour, Butter, Bacon and Lard, &c.  
SUGAR! SUGAR! Spices Sugar, the best Brown Sugar at Parr's, 11 cents per pound or nine pounds for one dollar. Come and see it and you will be sure to buy.  
The best boneless Codfish at 12c, cents, fresh and very nice.

Go to Parr's to get your fresh Lemons, 5 cents each or 6 for 25c.  
The Parr's have just received fresh Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Cakes and Crackers of all kinds, come and see.  
The Latest of the Season. The best Cheese at Parr's, come and get some before it is all gone.

The best Tobacco and Cigars to be found in the market; go to Parr's to buy what you want, in the Grocery line, you will be well treated and honestly dealt by. Come all of you that want good Goods and Cheap Goods, they think it does not pay to keep poor goods.  
Come to Parr's to get your Figs, Raisins, Candies, and all other good things.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

Maj. J. B. Forney is on a visit to Jacksonville from Montgomery.

Our next Roll of Honor will be published next Saturday week, May 25th.  
Mr. R. D. Williams had a horse to go suddenly blind last Sunday evening.

One of the editors left Thursday for the country to enjoy a couple of days fishing with a friend.  
Lost Money by not taking your work to J. B. Tinsley, Jacksonville, Ala. May 11th, '78. tf.

Sheriff Goodlett does his work promptly, quietly and satisfactorily. In short, he is making a model Sheriff.

Mr. Samuel A. Wyatt, of St. Clair, known and esteemed by many in Calhoun for his noble qualities of heart, died in Asheville not long ago.

Dead—A great many Watches and Clocks that can be put to running by J. E. Tinsley, Jacksonville, Ala. May 11th, '78. tf.

The shade trees of the public square will be removed in two or three years. Even now they yield a grateful shade and are highly ornamental.

We wish it had been so that we could have accepted the invitation of the editor of the Tribune to the supper in Oxford Friday night.

Now begin to get your furnaces ready for fruit drying. There is money in it and not much cost. Sun drying is too slow a process to save the fruit by.

Several of our people went up to the Cross Plains supper Wednesday evening. We regret that a trip to another portion of the county the following morning prevented our attendance.

All Styles Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Sewing Machines, &c., neatly and cheaply repaired, and warranted by J. E. Tinsley, Jacksonville, Ala. May 11th, '78. tf.

The Hoke store-room is being cleaned up for the reception of and the stock of goods. We presume the proprietor will make his bow to the people through the REPUBLICAN when he gets his stock in.

See locals of the New Store of A. Meyers & Co., north-east corner of the Public Square. Many propose to sell goods remarkably cheap. Give them a call, examine good; and learn priced.

Judge Walker has written another letter to the editor of the Advertiser, and that gentleman comes back at him in the same issue of the paper. We may publish the letter of Judge Walker and the rejoinder of Mr. Secrest in our next issue.

WYNN—LAWSON. At the residence of Mrs. E. Sison, in Calhoun county, Ala., by the Rev. W. H. Richardson, Dr. Allen B. Wynn, of Lone Mountain, Ga., and Miss Josie W. Lawson, of Calhoun county, Ala.

There was a couple of errors in the analysis of the land problem of Rusticus last week. Between the words "by" and "dividing" in the 3rd line, read "adding the parallel sides 5 and 35 and" in the 10th line, between the words "roads" and "the," read "which added to 35 and divided by 2 gives 30 rods."

Out Smith lost a valuable horse not long ago from something like blind staggers. An infallible cure for this disease is said to be to cut the bottom side of the tail to the bone from hair to hair, about three inches from the root. The bleeding which follows gives almost instant relief.

A negro in Wilcox county entered and robbed the house of a widow lady near Camden the night of the 4th inst. The following morning three gentlemen got on his track and were following it through the woods when suddenly the party were fired upon by the negro in ambush. One was killed dead, another was mortally and the third was slightly wounded. The negro was still at large at last accounts. The people of the neighborhood are intensely excited, and will certainly mob the villain if they catch him.

Our Marshall correspondent's answers to problems was crowded out the week they were sent in, but we publish one this week because of its practical bearing upon every day operation. The following is the problem and answer:  
PROBLEM.—A farmer on the 1st day of June buys bacon at 15 cents, that cost his merchant 6 cents, and promises to pay for it by the 1st day of December thereafter. What per cent does he pay?  
ANSWER.—Costs farmer 15 cents. Costs merchant 6 cents. Profit to merchant 9 cents. 9 is 50 per cent of 6 for the 6 months or 300 per cent per annum.

APPLICATION.—\$142.19 more than cash value of whole cotton crop of the one horse farmer.

The prospect for a good out and wheat crop was never better in this county than at present for the crops more forward. Corn is within reach of the poor. Farmers are nearer out of debt than before or since the war. Fewer mortgages are executed now than for many years past. Hogs are getting so plentiful that they are a drag. There is an abundance of well kept cattle on every farm. Plowmen are raising to a great extent their own horses and mules. Money is getting more plentiful. The spirit of enterprise and improvement is abroad. Old hard times is about to bid us all a final adieu and thank God! Plenty, Contentment, Happiness and Hope have come to stay with us, and brighten our lives after our long night of suffering. Let us give thanks to the Giver of all good!

If you want BARGAINS, call at the Cheap Cash Store of  
**A. MEYERS & CO.**

CALICOS at 41c per yard at  
**A. MEYERS & CO.**  
Buy your SILK and Lace Sets, Bows &c. at 15c up at  
**A. MEYERS & CO's New Store.**

**CHEAP! CHEAP!**  
DRESS GOODS, LINENS, ALWAYS, all kinds of Dry & Fancy Goods at astonishingly low prices at  
**A. MEYERS & CO.**

Baltimore LADIES SHOES. New, port Ties, also Button Shippers at  
**A. MEYERS & CO's New Cash Store.**

Girls Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Shoes &c. very cheap at  
**A. MEYERS & CO's Cheap Cash Store.**

**Treasurer's Notice.**  
The undersigned Treasurer for Calhoun County, hereby gives notice that the money is ready for the payment of any and all County Claims Registered at any time previous to the 1st of January, 1878. (do not have any reference to State witness tickets) he trusts that parties who have claims in their possession, or on file in the Probate Judges office, will call without further delay and get their money, and relieve the County from payment of any further interest. If any person has a claim numbered 23, and Registered February 12th, 1875, they will please present it to me for payment as early as practicable: May 8th, 1878. J. L. SWAN, County Treasurer for Calhoun Co. Ala.

The Times thinks Mr. Hayes "less like Solomon" than the Times has believed him to be if he has given in his adhesion to the project of an investigation. We are not competent to express an opinion on that point. Science has achieved a process for determining the distance of the remotest planets from the earth; but how to measure the distance between Hayes and Solomon is a problem for the future, as yet undiscovered. We think, however, the Times is unnecessarily solicitous about the reputation of Mr. Hayes. It is, to be sure, pretty certain that he will go out if there is an investigation; but then going out would be the very best thing that could happen to his reputation. There could never have been one thing better, and that would have been not to have gone in.—New York Sun.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 4.—The following is the value of the mills destroyed: The Washburn, a six-story stone building, \$85,000; the Humboldt, \$30,000; the Diamond, \$5,000; the Galaxy, \$85,000; the Zenith, \$50,000. The total loss from the disaster is about one million dollars. Sixteen persons are estimated killed. Later inquiry confirms the first theory that the cause of the explosion was the ignition of the inflammable mill dust floating in the air and the consequent generation and expansion of inflammable gases. Reports of eye witnesses as to the power and suddenness of the explosion are almost incredible. An instant after the first flash and explosion all the buildings were wrapped in flames; the air all around to be full of inflammable gases.

How the country can best get rid of Hays, as a nuisance and an usurper, by the action of Congress or the courts, is a question now to be deliberately considered. Next week a resolution will be introduced in the House instructing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the electoral fraud in Florida, and ex-Gov. Hendricks intimates that legal proceedings based upon the recent revelations are to be instituted. The present aspect of affairs renders it morally certain that further investigations will develop facts conclusively proving that Hayes was an accessory, before and after the fact, to the greatest crime of the age. It is to this point that the inquiries of the congressional committee must be especially directed.

**The Confederate Brigadier.**  
From the Philadelphia Times.  
The recent visit of some Southern Congressmen to Boston has apparently done good. Even a cursory view of the animal has satisfied Boston that the Confederate Brigadier is not all that he has been advertised to be. He does not wear horns, his feet are not cloven, he does not eat a Republican school man for breakfast every morning, there is not an air of brimstone at all about him, and he does not leave a stream of fire in his path; it was not detected that he carried a horse-pistol in his belt, or picked his teeth with a bowie-knife, and if he murdered any northern men on the trip the facts have been very carefully suppressed. The Confederate brigadier uncovered his head in Faneuil Hall; he even consented to take an admiring look at Bunker Hill monument; he plays a good game of draw poker on the average, and altogether displays several characteristics of a human being, actually taking in some of his speeches like a man who would be willing to help his country along if he were given a chance to do so. It will be mighty disappointing to some people to have the Confederate brigadier to turn out a tame thing like this.

**PATENTS.** Obtained for the inventor of other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to.  
**INVENTORS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED** by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

**INVENTORS** send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. **U. S. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our clients in every State of the Union, and to your Senator and Representative in Congress. Special references given when desired.  
**C. A. SNOW & CO.,**  
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**"THE CANDIDATE."**  
"Father, who travels the road so late?"  
"Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate."  
Fit example of humor was—  
Early he comes and late he goes  
He greets the woman with courtesy grace  
He kisses the child with a dirty face,  
He calls to the fence the farmer at work,  
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk,  
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,  
He greets, and this is the song he sings:  
"Howdy, howdy, howdy—do?"  
How is your wife, and how are you?  
Ah! it hits my fist as no other can,  
The horny hand of the working man."

"Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate."  
"Husband, why can't he work like you?"  
"Has he nothing at home to do?"  
"My dear, whenever a man is down,  
No cash at home, no credit in town,  
Too stupid to preach and too proud to beg,  
Too timid to admit too lazy to dig,  
Then over his head he bests his flag,  
And to the dear people this song he sings:  
"Howdy, howdy, howdy—do?"  
How is your wife, and how are you?  
Ah! it hits my fist as no other can,  
The horny hand of the working man."

Brothers, who labor early and late,  
Think these things of the candidate:  
What does he care how he does he stand  
At home, no matter what his land,  
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone  
To close over money not his own.  
Has he in view no thriving plan?  
Will he be honest and capable?—he is my man.  
Cheer such an one till the welkin rings  
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:  
"Howdy, howdy, howdy—do?"  
How is your wife, and how are you?  
Ah! it hits my fist as no other can,  
The horny hand of the working man."

**CROSS PLAINS LOCALS.**  
MR. EDITOR:  
The supper given by the noble ladies of our town on Wednesday night, was a grand success in every respect. The people came in crowds from every direction, some a distance of twenty miles; thus showing their interest they felt in the cause. The tables were loaded with good things, and for real elegance and beauty of arrangement eclipsed anything of the kind your correspondent ever witnessed. The variety was endless. The cakes were perfectly magnificent; rich in design and flavor. Many and loud were the praises bestowed upon the ladies for the artistic skill and beauty displayed in this department. The floral decorations were claiming. We were particularly struck with the arrangements and decorations around the "Lemonade well." We won't say anything about the fair ones stationed there to draw the cooling draught, only that it was a picture worthy the study of an artist and calculated to entice; and in this latter respect it was a success, judging from the large number constantly applying for the beverage. Nothing unpleasant occurred to mar the pleasures of the occasion, and all went home satisfied that they had spent an enjoyable evening. All honor to the good ladies who worked so hard, and unceasingly to make the supper a success. Your correspondent will close his unsuccessful attempt to describe the supper, as he cannot do justice to it in this respect, although he feels that he was more successful while satisfying the in-  
"REX."

Washington, May 8.—The concurrent resolutions submitted by Senator Morgan, to-day, concerning the relation of this country with Mexico propose that Congress shall make substantially the following declaration:  
First, That in defining and settling by treaty the relation of the two countries, it is just and expedient in accordance with the interest of the people of the United States in maintenance of the right of self government in this continent, that the present boundaries between Mexico and the United States shall be guaranteed as permanent and inviolable.  
Second, That it is proper that both governments shall engage, that the Territory of each shall be protected against conquest by any European power.  
Third, That with a view to giving the citizens of each country the benefit of trade and intercourse and in order to place the peace and friendship of the Republic upon a stable footing such mutual agreement should be made as will protect the borders from predatory raids of outlaws and that citizens of one country residing in the other should be free from arbitrary assessments exactions in regard to their personal and property.  
Fourth, That it is expedient to provide by treaty for the protection and encouragement of such citizens of either country as shall with the consent of the Government of Mexico build a railroad from the city of Mexico to connect at boundary with lines of railroad in Texas or elsewhere in the United States.

The Jacksonville REPUBLICAN urges, in view of the promising fruit crop, the importance of preparing kilns for drying the fruit. This is a paying industry and one the world like to see encouraged.  
—Rox's Tribune.

Franklin, on hearing the remark that what was lost on earth went to the moon, asserted that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there.

**THE STATE OF ALABAMA.**  
CALHOUN COUNTY.  
Probate Court for said county, Special Term, April 24, 1878.  
This day came Thomas A. Keer, Guardian of W. E. Keer, a minor, and filed his statement, account and vouchers for a final settlement of his said guardianship. It is ordered, that the 20th day of May, 1878, be appointed a day and date for the settlement of said account, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.  
J. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.  
April 21, 1878—3t.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
THE STATE OF ALABAMA.  
CALHOUN COUNTY.  
Probate Court Calhoun Co. Feb. 14, '78.  
Term, April 24, 1878.  
Letters of administration upon the Estate of Craven Wilson, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned on the 14th day of February, 1878, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.  
J. J. WILSON, J. C. WILSON, Administrators.

Capt. Ericson, of Manilla fame, now an old man of seventy-five years, has invented a new torpedo conductor, which he and his friends say will make the iron clad navies of the world useless. The design is to run the steady torpedo conductors swiftly, and on, within a very short distance of an iron-clad, and to discharge the torpedo by the power of compressed air. The submerged surface to the fire of the enemy, will be further protected by heavy iron plating, as impregnable as that of any iron ship afloat.

**A Fable.**  
[Enfanta Times.]  
There, was, a farmer who from stress of circumstances had been using a jack-ass but by accident or good luck, got hold of a good horse; one that never failed when called upon to do duty; his qualities were excellent; he never kicked in the traces, never got frightened and ran away, never got down with the cold from over-eating and drinking and never where he was not wanted.

The farmer kept his horse four years but in an ill moment he was persuaded by designing friends to exchange him for another good looking, lively animal, full of canting about and much loud whickering. The new horse when put to work did very well until his shoulders got a little tender or the collar began to pinch them. Then he would either kick out of the traces or run away and tear things to pieces, besides, he was an enormous eater, grabbing at every thing that came in reach; he could not be satisfied with usual rations. If the other horses did not do so suit him he would surely kick up a fuss, and if he could not force the others to suit him he would leave and be found among the mules and brags, and it seemed to the farmer that when he needed the horse worst he was either down with the colic or off grazing in somebody else's pasture, so that the farmer was sorely vexed.

The horse got so bad, now and then caused people to fall out with his owner, who wished again for the good and reliable old horse that had been so true and faithful to him for four years.

MORAL.—Congressmen and horses are somewhat alike. Don't swap either until you are sure you are making a good trade, or the old one shows signs of falling in his duty.

**WANTED.**  
FIVE OR SIX good hands to work at my saw mill, seven miles north of Jacksonville, also two good male teamsters.  
L. R. WRAAG.

**WANTED TO BUY.** a good milch cow. Enquire of B. E. SHELLBERG, Germania Tannery.

**WANTED TO SELL.** A Second Hand Piano, but little used—price \$150. Enquire at this office.

**THRESHERS.**  
The undersigned is agent for the sale of RUSSELL & CO'S "NEW MASSILLON" Threshers and Separators—the best on the market. Before you buy, see or write to J. B. PALMER, Ladoga, Ala.

**WANTED TO SELL.** a quantity of good Lime, one-half mile above Nesbit's mill pond. Enquire of B. F. SHELLBERG, Germania Tannery.

**TAX ASSESSOR'S NOTICE.**  
SECOND ROUND.  
The Tax Payers of the present year will please meet me on the days and at the places mentioned below for the purpose of Assessing their Taxes for the year 1878,  
Precinct No. 1—Jacksonville, Monday and Tuesday, April 22nd and 23rd.  
Precinct No. 10—Rabbit Town, Wednesday, May 1st.  
Precinct No. 9—Cross Plains, Thursday & Friday, May 2nd and 3rd.  
Precinct No. 2—Alexandria, Monday, May 6th.  
Precinct No. 4—Gannaway's School house, Tuesday, May 7th.  
Precinct No. 14—Sulphur Springs, Wednesday, May 8th.  
Precinct No. 5—Pekville, Thursday, May 9th.  
Precinct No. 6—Pecks Hill, Friday, May 10th.  
Precinct No. 7—Hollingsworth's Saturday, May 11th.  
Precinct No. 3—Court Ground, Monday, May 13th.  
Precinct No. 15—Anniston, Tuesday, May 14th.  
Precinct No. 13—Oxford, Wednesday and Thursday, May 15 and 16th.  
Precinct No. 12—Davisville, Friday, May 17th.  
Precinct No. 11—White Plains, Saturday, May 18th.  
Precinct No. 8—Green's school house, Monday, May 20th.

All persons will please bring with them a list of their property, with valuation extended, and proper number of their lands.

**A. B. LEDBETTER,**  
Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.  
mch. 30, 1878—td.

**THE STATE OF ALABAMA.**  
CALHOUN COUNTY.  
Probate Court for said county, Special Term, April 24, 1878.  
This day came Thomas A. Keer, Guardian of W. E. Keer, a minor, and filed his statement, account and vouchers for a final settlement of his said guardianship. It is ordered, that the 20th day of May, 1878, be appointed a day and date for the settlement of said account, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.  
J. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.  
April 21, 1878—3t.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
THE STATE OF ALABAMA.  
CALHOUN COUNTY.  
Probate Court Calhoun Co. Feb. 14, '78.  
Term, April 24, 1878.  
Letters of administration upon the Estate of Craven Wilson, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned on the 14th day of February, 1878, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.  
J. J. WILSON, J. C. WILSON, Administrators.

**THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE.**  
The Best and Cheapest.  
This Machine combines all the best and latest improvements and has marked advantages over all others in use, being simple in construction, easily understood and worked.  
The treadle enables the operator to run the Machine easier and faster than any other.  
Every working part is in hardened adjustable steel bearings, being, but little wear, so all loss motion can be easily taken up.  
For sale by  
**WOODSTOCK IRON CO.**  
Anniston, Ala.

A liberal discount allowed to Agents. I have seen nearly every kind of Sewing Machine. I consider the White the best and most perfect made.  
April 20, 1878—ly.

**OPIMUM.**  
And Machine-habit cured.  
CURE FOR THE HABIT OF DRUG-USE.  
The undersigned has discovered a sure and permanent cure for the habit of drug-use, and is prepared to cure all cases of this kind, whether the patient be a man, woman or child, and in any stage of the disease.  
For particulars, apply to  
**W. W. NESBIT,**  
Jacksonville, Fla.

**JAMES HUTCHINSON,**  
Barber & Hair-Dresser,  
Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.  
If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat and fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, April 20, 1878.

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**MARBLE & GRANITE.**  
And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones,  
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Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

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The undersigned is Agent for (3) three good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to wit, GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA. HOME PROTECTION " " HUNTSVILLE, ALA. CENTRAL CITY " " SELMA, ALA.

It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails—  
I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.  
I. L. SWAN, Agent,  
Jacksonville, Ala.

Mch 25th, 1878—1 y

**Are you going to Paint?**  
**THEN USE MILLER BROS**  
**CHEMICAL PAINT.**

Ready for use in White and over One Hundred different colors, made of strictly pure White Lead, Zinc and Linseed Oil chemically combined, warranted much Handsomer and Cheaper and to last TWICE AS LONG as any other paint. It has taken the FIRST PREMIUM at twenty of the State Fairs of the Union, and is out MANY THOUSAND of the finest houses in the country. Address,  
**MILLER BROTHERS,**  
29, 31 & 33 St. Clair Street,  
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Sample Card sent free.

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Numbering 175 pages, with Colored Plate.  
**SENT FREE.**  
To our customers of past years, and to all purchasers of our books, either GARDENING FOR PROFIT, PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE, OR GARDENING FOR PLEASURE, Price \$1.50 each, prepaid by mail. To others on receipt of 25c. Plain Plant or Seed-Catalogues, without Plate, free to all.  
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South East Corner Public Square—(OLD FORNEY CORNER)  
**JACKSONVILLE, ALA.**  
HAVING made additional improvements for the comfort of guests we respectfully solicit a continuance of that patronage so liberally bestowed upon us for the past two years. It is our pride and intention to make it one of the best HOTELS to be found in any Village, and to make every one comfortable and their stay pleasant. To us, every convenience given to commercial men for showing samples.  
Board per day \$2 00  
" " week 10 00  
" " month 30 00  
Reasonable reception on board by the day for regular customers, and country people.  
**JOHN M. WYLY.**

**LOOK OUT FOR**  
**REAGERS:**  
HE has located in Jacksonville for the purpose of running the  
**PAINTING**  
business. He does all styles, both Plain and Fancy. Thirty-four years experience makes him guarantee all work entrusted to him. No material used but the best in market. Promptly taken in exchange for work, at market price.  
CHAS. H. RANGER.  
Jacksonville, Sept. 22, 1877.

**W. W. NESBIT,**  
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

**PRESCRIPTION FREE!**  
The undersigned has discovered a sure and permanent cure for the habit of drug-use, and is prepared to cure all cases of this kind, whether the patient be a man, woman or child, and in any stage of the disease.  
For particulars, apply to  
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# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2144.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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Orders by mail will receive due attention.

TERMS CASH.

### ON YOUTH'S DEPARTURE.

Telling to thee, O Youth! with nervous grasp,  
In vain my weak endeavor—  
A shadow only in mine arms I clasp,  
And thou art gone forever.  
Delightful time, fair morning of my life!  
Hast thou indeed departed?  
O with what airy gladness wert thou rife,  
Thou leav'st me broken-hearted.  
And with thee gone are all my hopes so fair,  
My zeal and high ambition,  
My dreams and lofty castles in the air—  
All gone with thee, magician!  
I wonder oft if others mourn like me  
Thine early rapid fleeting,  
And deem this death in life far worse to be  
Than any future meeting!

Thou'gt thou! I'll think of all thy loves and joys,  
Forget each trifling sorrow,  
And in the future, whatso'er annoys,  
Some light from thee I'll borrow.  
I will not feign and keep thy dying bid,  
But grieve myself in able,  
Mourning as Rachel for her children did—  
No friend to soothe is able.

### Saved by a Dog.

What I am about to relate occurred during the Fenian agitation, with which the whole of Ireland was disturbed some years ago. My husband was agent of Lord Rymer, and as his property was very extensive, it took a considerable time to collect the rents from the numerous tenants. I always felt nervous while my husband was away for this purpose, but more than usually so at this time, because, in all directions around, bands of them were going about making raids on houses for arms, sometimes, but very seldom, demanding money, and altogether causing great terror and excitement. The place where we lived was about seven miles from town. The house was a large one, and there was a nice lawn in front, and at the back a flower garden, beyond which was a shrubbery leading down to a breen that joined the high road about a mile further down.

On account of the disturbed state of the country, the former tenant had had every shutter lined with strong iron plates, and extra strong bolts and locks put upon all the doors, which were also protected by strong sheets of iron. My father and mother lived near the town, and before my husband came to Ashgrove he had a pretty place near them; so I used to feel very lonely sometimes at being so far away, and wished from my heart that I could establish a telegraph communication from one house to the other, so that we could send messages to and fro, for messengers were scarce in our neighborhood. However, at last I thought of a plan. We had a splendid Newfoundland dog, a most intelligent creature; he could be taught anything and understood almost every word we said to him. I would teach Rory to carry a note for me and bring back the answer. Very quickly he learned his lesson and greatly delighted my mother and sisters were when they saw him coming up the garden path, knowing that he had a note from me tied around his neck, hidden in his curly black hair. In the same way he would take a message to my husband's office, and if William was out, he would wait for him—but he never dreamed of coming back without an answer.

It was near the end of September, and the half year's rent had to be collected. William usually went by himself, but, as there had been frequent robberies lately, I entreated him to take Jerry the coachman with him. He refused at first, but on seeing how nervous about it, he at length consented to do so. I asked him to try to be home before dark if possible, but he told me not to expect him before ten o'clock. I felt very uneasy all day, as of course it was known to many that he would have a large sum of money with him on his return, and I feared he might be waylaid and robbed, the road he had to come by being a very lonely one.

As ten o'clock drew near, I could not rest, and every five minutes I ran to the door to try if I could hear the horses coming up the avenue. I heard them at last; and oh! how thankful I was that William was safe at home again!

"Had you any adventures on your way?" I asked.  
"No, indeed, Bella, except that about three miles down, just in the turn, Jerry's horse came near falling over something; it was too dark to see what it was, but Captain went and jumped clear over whatever was there."  
"Deed, ma'am," said Jerry, "it was something very strange, and I heard a queer kind of noise like in the hedge alongside of us. 'Ride on sir, as fast as ye can,' I ses to the master, 'and may the Holy Virgin be between us and all harm.'"

The horses were taken to the stable and put up for the night, and we had nearly done tea when Jerry came to say that he had just heard that Tom Hurley's wife was dead, and to know if he might go to the "wake." As it would have been considered a dreadful insult on his part not to have gone, of course we gave him the desired permission.

We sat and chatted for a while by the fire, and went to bed. Presently we heard a loud knocking at the hall door and a violent pulling at the bell.

William opened the window and asked who was there and what was wanted. "Are you Mr. Thornton?" said a voice.  
"Yes—what do you want?"  
"The house next your office is on fire, sir," said the stranger. "I have been sent to tell you so. If you have anything of value there, you had better go at once and have them removed to a safe place. I will ride on and say you are coming."  
As soon as he said this he galloped off before we had time to thank him for coming to tell us.

"What a provoking thing that this fire should occur now, William," I said, "just as you arrive at home, tired after being out all day, and Jerry gone away too! Who will saddle the horse for you?"

"I can manage all that myself, Bella; but I confess I don't like leaving you alone with only two servants, when there is so much money about the house. I brought nearly two thousand pounds back with me. As I pass the lodge I will send Jerry's son Ned to stay here until I return. He is a strong, courageous fellow, and I can trust him entirely. Keep up a good heart, little Bella, and don't look so miserable!"

After William left, I waited for some time, expecting Ned, but as there was no sign of him, I got tired at last and went up to bed, as I supposed he had gone to the "wake" with his father. I brought Rory with me for company, knowing what a capital watch he was. I did not undress, but lay on the bed. I was too anxious to be able to sleep, and was frightened at the least noise. I nearly screamed once when a cinder fell out of the fire, and every moment I fancied I heard footsteps. I got up and walked about the room, and stirred the fire to make a blaze, as the candle had burned down.

Presently Rory gave a low growl and raised his head as if to listen. Then he growled again. That frightened me very much, for I knew that he must have heard someone; so I listened intently.

Yes; I did hear footsteps—it was no fancy this time! Quite distinctly I heard them on the gravel outside. In the greatest terror I went and called the servants. I told them to dress as fast as they could. We then went to the bedroom next to mine, the shutters of which were not fastened. I peeped out, and as well as the darkness would permit, I saw six or eight men trying the windows of the lower rooms, and also the hall door.

"Let us pray to heaven to help us," I said. "They are come for the money; they must know it is here. It will take them some time, however, to break in, for they cannot easily cut through the iron shutters."

Just then there was a crash of glass. Rory tried to rush down stairs, but I held him back, not wishing the robbers to know that we heard them.

"How stupid of me not to think of Rory before, Ellen," I said.

As quickly as I could I got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and wrote to William telling him the robbers were trying to break into the house, and asking him to come back without any delay, and bring a sufficient guard of police to take them. I tied this around Rory's neck, and having ascertained that there was no one yet at the back of the house, I opened the door leading into the garden, and sent the faithful dog to find his master, praying fervently that he might be successful. The wall at the end of the shrubbery was low enough in one place to jump over it, and was his usual way of coming and going. But what if any one were in the garden on his return? I could only hope for the best.

I returned to the room where the two servants were. We had no light and so could not be seen from the outside. I softly raised the window a few inches so that we could hear what the men were saying. They seemed to be dreadfully disappointed at not having effected an entrance.

"If we don't be quick about it now, Bill, the master will have found out by this time that the story of the fire was all a sham, and he'll be here in a jiffy." Here was a revelation! No fire! It was all a plan of theirs to get William out of the way, knowing there would only be women in the house then! For of course they knew that the coachman and his son were at the "wake."

Finding they could not get in through any of the front windows, to my horror I heard them say they would try the back.

"Then my poor dog is lost!" I said. With breathless anxiety we watched and listened with the back windows than the others, to our great relief we heard them leave the garden, and as they did not come round in front very quickly, we fancied they were having a consultation as to what they would do next.

All this time I was in the greatest agony of mind, for, unless something had happened to Rory, he ought to be before me. I went down to the garden door, to be ready to let him in when he came. I strained my ears to listen, but there was not a sound of any kind. The robbers were not in the garden—that was one comfort.

I heard something soon, however. It came nearer—nearer still. Ah, then I knew what it was, and with a thankful heart I opened the door. Rory dear, faithful Rory, was back again, panting after his long journey.

Had he brought me an answer? Yes—he had a note for me. I tried to read it but could not see, my eyes were so full of tears, and my hand shook so. At length I was able to make out these words: "My own darling, have courage! A little longer, I will be back immediately with help."  
I knew nothing more. I was completely overcome at last. I had fainted, standing by me, holding my hand in his. It was some time before I could remember all that happened; however, as soon as I was able to attend to him, he told me when he arrived at the office and saw no sign of fire anywhere, he thought it very strange.

"I feared all was not right," he said, "and determined to ride home as fast as possible. I was about two miles on my way when I met Rory. Captain knew him at once, and stopped of his own accord. I wondered why the dog should be out at that hour and tried if he had a note. Finding that he had, I lit a match and read the message. I wrote an answer on the back, tied it around his neck, and sent him home. I then galloped as fast as I could to the police station, and brought a number of men with me. As soon as the robbers saw us coming up the avenue, they made off in all directions. However, the police are on their track, and will, I hope, succeed in catching them. I am quite sure now, that on my first return home there was a rope put across the road, and that the robbers were watching for me behind the trees, hoping that they would take the money from me then, not thinking that I should have any one with me. But on the horse getting over it safely, and seeing Jerry with me, they did not attack us, but planned the story of the fire to get me away. They did not know I had such a brave little wife, or such a swift faithful messenger as Rory. Only that you sent for me so quickly, Bella, I really don't know what might have happened. Let us all thank heaven no lives are lost."

From that time forward Rory was considered quite a hero, and wherever he went he was petted and made much of.

A Horse Trade.  
"A young gentleman in Tennessee was once traveling a country road, mounted on a fine black racing horse of great value. His casual companion was a shrewd old fellow, who was known in those parts as a Yankee, and rode on a rack-of-bones of a horse, apparently hardly able to stand on his feet. The Yankee bantered the Southerner for a horse trade, which of course the Southerner indignantly declined. The Yankee however insisted that his was a very remarkable horse, of what was known as the setter breed, which sets for big game as a dog sets for small game, and that as animals of this breed are very scarce, his horse was accordingly valuable. The Yankee soon had an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of his statement, as his horse had the peculiarity of dropping on all-fours, when touched in a certain spot by the spur or heel of the rider. The Yankee trying the deer on a knoll not far away, touched his raw-bones in the tender spot, and, sure enough, down he went on all-fours, assuring the Southerner that there was game ahead. The would-be horse trader told the Southerner that there must be game near by, for his horse never 'set' in that way except when on the scent of game. Immediately after, the deer made its appearance to the Southerner, who succeeded in bringing him down, and so much pleased was he with the wonderful instinct of the horse that he immediately swapped with the Yankee, on even terms. Soon after they came to a stream which the Yankee mounted on the Southerner's fine horse, crossed in good style; then standing on the opposite bank, he looked back after his companion. The 'setter horse' had sunk; his head being hardly above water; his rider was dismounted and nearly drowned. Reaching the bank and blowing the water from his mouth, he exclaimed: 'Here, you infernal Yankee! what kind of a horse is this to drop on his knees in the middle of a stream?' 'Hush! hush!' replied the Yankee, 'keep perfectly quiet. That's a setter horse; he sets for fish as well as for deer, and I tell you there's game there!'"

It is not hard to ride a camel; but the process has some sweet surprises for the novice. The camel lies upon the ground with his legs shut up under like a jack-knife. You seat yourself in the broad saddle and cross your legs in front of the pommel. Before you are ready something like a private earthquake begins under you. The camel raises his hind quarters suddenly and throws you forward upon his neck, and before you recover from that, he straightens his knees and gives you a jerk over his tail, and while you are not at all certain of what has happened, he begins to move at that dislocated walk which sets you into a see-saw motion, a waving backward and forward in the capacious saddle. Not admiring this movement, you courageously lash the beast with your knoobash to make him change his gait. He is nothing loth to do it, and at once starts into a high trot, which sends you a foot into the air at every step, bobs you from side to side, drives your backbone into your brain and makes castanets of your teeth. Capital exercise. When you have enough of it you pull up and humbly inquire what is the heathen method of riding a dromedary, fully convinced, by this time, that Christians do not know everything.

The Curate of Louvaine.  
In February, 1818, a curate in the suburbs of Louvaine was sent to discharge the last duties to a sick person. Having fulfilled them, he returned to his habitation. It was night. In passing near a house he perceived a light, and the door open. He entered and what was his surprise at seeing a bloody corpse stretched near the entrance. He recognized it to be the body of the master of the house. A little further he observed that of his unfortunate wife, killed in the same manner. At length, by the assistance of a light, he discovered in the chimney piece legs which gave several convulsive movements. It was the female servant, suspended by the neck, in the last agonies of death. He hastened to cut the cord, and with much difficulty restored her to the use of her senses.

He interrogated the girl respecting the circumstances of this horrid deed. She hesitated for some time to give any explanation. At last she told the curate that the principle author of these assassinations was his own nephew. She gave such an account of him that the curate could not mis conceive her description, and she also described the villains that accompanied him.

Furnished with this information, the curate pursued his way to his own residence, resolved to cause his nephew, with the murderers, to be arrested. Before he reached home he applied to the Mayor, declared to him what he had seen and heard, and requested him, by every means which his functions would admit of, to carry out his plan.

The Mayor, with much prudence, employed the measures necessary in such a case, and having arranged the plan with the curate, the latter returned home. He there found his nephew, who appeared watching for his return. "I have had a painful visit," said he to him, "and I want some refreshment. Go down into the cellar and bring me a bottle of wine, that we may partake of it."

The nephew hesitated, and endeavored to persuade his uncle that he would do better to go to bed.  
"Well, then, I will go to the cellar myself," said the curate, "since you fear to put yourself out of the way to do me a service."

In effect he arose to execute his design, when the nephew, with an eagerness, accompanied with excuses, told him he was going to do what he desired. He descended, but scarcely had he entered, when the curate closed the door upon him. The nephew thought at first that it was only a trick, but soon after the Mayor arrived with an escort, and the cellar door was opened. They found there the nephew, with fifteen brigands, companions of his crimes. They recognized them to be the individuals that the servant had described. They were disarmed, bound, and taken to prison.

Teaching Beasts to Perform Tricks.  
"I don't know how long it will take a horse to forget a trick that he has once thoroughly learned, but I'm sure he will not forget in three years, because I have had occasion to test that. Some may have better memories than others, just as some have quicker comprehension. There's that horse Nettie, our leaper; I don't think he would ever forget anything. He is not a broncho, but an Arabian—a splendid horse, but vicious. He came near killing a groom the other day. Now, Nettie observes a great deal, reasons, thinks, and has ideas of his own about things. He used to jump over six horses, but in Cincinnati one of them shied and he got hurt. Since then he will not jump more than four. He knows he can make the leap over six with little more effort than over four, but he will not take the increased chances of one of the number moving out of place. So he always counts them before taking a start for the leap, and if we try to ring in five on him he refuses to attempt it. Four is his limit."

"If punishment is ever required, it must come instantly upon the offense for which it is given. I never give more than three blows, and then not severe ones. If a horse loses confidence in himself don't whip him, but call him up and reason with him. When you see he is tired give him a rest. Treat him as a friend, and he will do a friend's part by you. Some trainers give a horse lumps of sugar when he does well. I do not. The only reward I give is letting him stop and rest when he does his work rightly. Get him used to sugar, and he will be looking for that instead of paying attention to what you want him to do."

"In training dogs I find that they understand words much more readily than horses do. The greatest trouble with them is to keep them looking spirited and animated when doing their work. You must excite them, by noise or encouragement, or in whatever way you find suits best your individual dog, or else he will go about his tricks with his tail down between his legs in a sneaking, shame-faced hang-dog—no allusion to the little drama my dogs play—sort of way. It is no easy job to train my troupe of dogs for that drama. Each had to be taught his part carefully and patiently; then all had to be trained together. The first thing was to teach them to pick up anything and hold it, or place it where they were told. Then their labor was divided. One was taught to slip off his collar, another to steal it, another to arrest the thief, two to pick up a wooden bar and put it on supports to make a gallows; finally, one

to play executioner. Now they all enjoy it seemingly, especially the little fellow, who is hanged. It doesn't hurt him at all. To make a dog wait you first make him stand on his hind legs, then get him to follow the motions of the whip as you move about him, and say 'wait.' Some sensitive dogs should never be struck, and punishment should never be severe.

"Goats are dull sulky brutes to train, with a strong disposition to get away from you, and no yearning for education. They are trained to obey the whip, as horses and dogs are, but they never learn much.

"I have also trained elephants. One that I have trained is now with W. W. Cole's show. I had but one struggle with him, and it took nearly four hours of steady hammering with big hickory clubs to bring him to reason and make him squeal as a token of submission. But he remembered the incident. That was in May. I performed him all summer, and left him out in Illinois in November. When I went back the next April, although I was dressed as he had never seen me before, and wore my beard differently, he recognized me a hundred yards away, and began yelling at the top of his voice. It was his way of saying what Scott's coon did: 'I know you! Don't shoot! I'll come down.' An elephant is a cunning, cowardly, and treacherous ruffian by nature. You can never trust him an inch, and he will never give up attempting to trespass. For instance, suppose you have trained an elephant to do a certain trick at a precise spot in the ring. One night he will move a yard or two further around. If you do not check him and make him go back, the next night he will go a little further, and the next further yet. Before long he will have gone clear around the ring and will have gained confidence in himself; you will have lost your mastery over him, and you cannot regain it without a battle. He may only advance toward that result one or two feet every night, but he will certainly be trying for it all the while. You can only control him by fear, and when he loses his fear of you, he is bound to attack you. The common talk about the gratitude and docility of the elephant is all bolsh.

When an elephant goes on the rampage you have either to conquer him by any punishment that will make him squeal or else kill him; for if you don't you may bet your life he will kill you as soon as he gets a chance.

### Relief of the Mound-Builders.

A party of mound-hunters in Iowa, recently discovered buried about 14 inches from the surface, a roughly-engraved tablet, about 7½ by 12½ inches in width and length, rather irregular, and 1½ inches in thickness. The report thus describes it: "The principal figure inscribed or engraved is an uncouth human figure seated upon or astride a circle, with radial lines extending from it, apparently intended to represent the sun. Within this circle, which is about 2½ inches in diameter, is engraved in outline a face about half that size, but placed near the lower side of the outer circle, and above and rather on the right of this face is a crescent or arc of rather more than half a circle, which may or may not be intended to represent the new moon. The human figure seems to represent the sun-god seated on his throne, the sun. He apparently holds in his right hand some large object, whether a thunderbolt, or what intended for it, it is difficult to say, and in his left hand or by the left arm a long staff, sceptre, or whatever it may be. On the breast of the figure is a very imperfect face of about five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Immediately over his head is cut a figure in the usual form of the copper 'axes', but quite small. Above this at each end of the upper corners is cut a complete figure of a bird-pipe, such as are found carved in stone in these mounds, and of nearly the full size. These have each a bit of quartz crystal set in an eye, like the eyes of the animal figure from mound No. 3, found last year, and like those they were held in place by a white pitch or cement of some kind, but which had lost its adhesive quality. Beneath these pipes and each side of the 'axe' and the head of the principal figure are a number of inscribed figures, at least five of which are identical with characters inscribed upon the tablets from mound No. 3, found last year. These consist of five characters on the left and five on the right side, and on the right side are also two groups of lines and dots. The whole are formed by incised lines, which, in the small figures, are about one-millimeter (one-twenty-fifth of an inch) in depth, and quite wide across. The work has apparently been done with poor and imperfect tools, and in the curved lines, which, of course, are most difficult, it is quite rough and irregular. The principal figure and the pipes and axes are all colored a deep bright red; the rest of the stone is unstained. The stone has evidently been subjected to a great heat, sufficient very nearly to reduce the upper edge, where the birds are, and especially the right hand corner, to a quick lime, so that it has crumbled off in removing it from its bed in the earth. It is considerably reddened internally by the burning, and when found was already cracked into ten pieces, which entirely separated on removal, besides several cracks which are visible where it did not break apart."

Nothing puts one nearer to the condition of a brute than always to see a freeman and not be free.

In the interminable forests of north-eastern Muscovy, where, for thousands of square miles, the country abounds in oaks and beeches, birch trees and larches, while the ground is literally covered with cones, acorns, and berries, the swine-herds tend their half-wild animals, that swarm in almost incredible numbers, driving them to water and feed. Yet not all these swine are valuable for their covering; the perfect bristle is found only upon a special race, and that, too, fattened in a certain way. On the frontiers of civilization, all over the Muscovite territory, are large government tallow factories, where cattle, reared too far from the habitations of men to be consumed for human food, are boiled down for the sake of their fat. Swine are fed on the refuse of these tallow factories at certain seasons, and it is from these animals that the bristles of commerce are mainly derived.

Russia has long been celebrated for the quantity and quality of its bristles. The Russian hog is a long, spare animal, while the thinner hog the larger and stiffer the bristles. Those rustic pigs which approach nearest to their savage parent, the wild boar, yield the best bristles. The finest are those taken from the dorsal spine of the animal. When the Russian hog is sent to the south and fattened, the bristles become soft, and of course, depreciated in value. In parts of that country, during the Summer, the hogs are driven in herds through the forest, to feed on soft roots and similar food, when they shed their bristles by rubbing themselves against the trees. The bristles are then collected, sewed up in ox or horse hides and sent to fairs for sale, whence they find their way, through agents, to all countries.

The largest quantity of Russian bristles are obtained from the central governments, principally those of the north. Those of Siberia and Samouli, in the government of Viacka, are noted for furnishing the best. The average price of these is \$1 to \$1.25 per pound, while the average amount annually exported reaches 4,109,040 pounds, of the value of about \$5,000,000. England also receives many bristles from Germany, France and Belgium, as well as small quantities of inferior lots from China. Russian bristles vary in value from 27 cents to \$2.25 per pound, while the range of the German product is from 25 cents to \$1.58 per pound. Germany supplies \$600,000 to \$850,000 worth of bristles annually for export.

France supplies commerce with a large quantity of bristles, nearly 2,000,000 pounds from her native swine, or an average of \$80 grammes (1½ pounds) from each pig; this includes the bristles obtained by plucking and scalding hogs in Midi, Brittany and La Champagne, the total value being estimated at about 1,500,000 francs, or \$300,000. French bristles, whether produced in France or only cleansed there, bear the highest reputation in the market. They are white as wool, soft as an infant's hair, firm to the touch, yet exceedingly elastic. From such as these are made the brushes of the artist, and the pencils of the artist, and the pencils of the skilled painter and decorator.

Bristles arrive in the markets in casks; they are tied in bundles and packed with care. Length, elasticity, firmness and color are the elements of excellence; the expert in bristles selects those of six inches in length to make up his class; above seven will not do; the nine and ten-inch bristles lack toughness. As regards color, dark bristles go into one class, the brown to a second, and the white to a third. Bristles may be bleached by remaining two or three days in a saturated solution of sulphurous acid in water; most kinds can be bleached by merely moistening them and exposing them to the air, or by moistening them with very dilute sulphuric acid and exposing them to the sun.

The New Italian Queen.  
The Princess Marguerite, who has become the Queen of Italy, is the most charming of women, and is the very ideal of grace and loveliness. Her head is not more beautiful because it wears a diadem, nor her throat more white and shapely because it is hung with the most exquisite pearls. She is a perfect linguist, draws and paints with much talent, does beautiful fine needlework, like all convent-educated young princesses, and last, but not least, sings very sweetly, with a bird-like voice, as do all Italians. At Monza, an hour's drive from Milan, is one of the royal country-seats, and there, in summer time, the Princess reads, sings, and wanders in the old garden like a humming-bird, drinking in the beauties of nature with a heart that is free from all court restraint. Clear, beaming eyes of Saxonian hue, hair of a pale golden brown, and skin that seems like a reflex of the pale Alpine snows, when shrouded with the first aurora. Features of positive beauty, with frank, high forehead, and small flexible mouth. The nose is perfectly aquiline, a little long, perhaps, yet it does not detract from the general winsomeness of her beaming countenance. Humbert, who was very wild in his youth, under the influence of so loving a wife has changed so completely as to become quite sympathetic to the Italians. Certainly no one ever came into a throne with so little trouble and so charming a Queen.











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## "AFTER."

"After the shower the tranquil sun;  
After the snow, the emerald leaves;  
Shining stars when the day is done;  
After the harvest, golden sheaves.  
After the cloud, the violet sky;  
After the tempest, the lull of waves;  
Quiet woods, when the winds go by;  
After the battle, peaceful graves.  
After the knell, the wedding bells;  
After the bud, the radiant rose;  
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;  
After our weeping, sweet repose.  
After the burden, the blissful mead;  
After the flight, the downy nest;  
After the furrow, the waking seed;  
After the shadowy river, rest."

## Frederick Dean's Will.

"Well, since you are both so urgent, and since making a will won't end my life, I'll do it at once, and you shall witness it."

And the speaker, a white-haired old gentleman, laughed pleasantly, and drew toward him an old book lying on the table at his side. Selecting one of the two or three blank leaves at the end, he took up a pen and dipped it into the ink.

"I confess I was not prepared for such promptitude," smiled one of the gentlemen in reply; "but we shall be only too happy to serve you," adding, a little dryly: "Don't you think, however, it would be just as well to get a sheet of paper?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Mr. Dean; "this leaf is as good as a sheet," and he proceeded to pen, in bold characters: "The last will and testament of Frederick Dean."

"As you like," said the other, exchanging an amused smile with his companion. "Only insure Nannette a comfortable future, and remember that to insure it you must cut out that leaf, and place it where it can be found by the proper person when needed."

A pre-occupied nod answered the counsel, and for a little while nothing was heard but the hurried scratch of the pen. At last the writer threw it down, and leaning back in his chair, read the document aloud.

"Does that suit you?" he asked, turning to his visitors as he finished. An eager affirmative answered him.

"Then remember," he said, with sudden earnest gravity, "to see justice done if my Nannette should meet with trouble. And now we will sign."

The signing was done, the book closed and pushed aside till the farewells, which had been deferred quite long enough, were spoken, and within an hour, the two visitors were on board a steamer bound for Europe.

For a few minutes after their departure, Mr. Dean sat lost in thought, then, arousing himself, he took up the morning paper, and turned to the financial column. He had just finished it, and was carefully cutting out the article, when the door opened, and a young girl entered, her fresh face bright with smiles.

"Ah, my dear, just in time," said Mr. Dean, fondly. "Get the mailage."

"Oh, papa! that everlasting, musty financial!" laughed the girl, with a mock horror. "Why don't you let me cut you out a love story, or a bit of poetry, and paste in here? Who but you would ever have thought of a scrap-book of financials?"

"You need not laugh, my dear," smiled the gentleman; "those financials have had something to do with your future."

"With my future?" exclaimed his adopted daughter, raising her eyes from the book she had just drawn toward her, and opening them very widely on the old gentleman.

"Yes, my dear; they have helped me make a fortune, and that fortune will some day be yours. I have made you my sole heir—have willed you my whole property. Remember that, Nannie, and if need be fight for your rights. My brother is no friend to you, as you well know."

Nannette sprang to her feet and threw herself on the gentleman's bosom. "Now, papa," she murmured, chokingly, "don't say 'will' to me again. I want you and nothing else."

ing her to a seat, he cleared his throat, and said:  
"Of course you know, Nannette, that my brother left no will."  
"I have not thought about it at all," murmured Nannette, wearily, frowning heavily to a reply, and then added, as wearily: "But you are mistaken. He did leave a will."

Mr. Dean started, flushed, and exclaimed, hastily:  
"Where is it?"  
"I don't know," sighed Nannette. "I only know he told me he had made one."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Dean, with prolonged emphasis, and then said: "That amounts to nothing. In the absence of a will, I reign master here."

Aroused from her apathy by the significant tone, Nannette looked up inquiringly, and he continued:  
"Yes, the law gives me everything, and you, Nannette, will see the propriety of establishing yourself elsewhere."

"But papa told me he had made me his sole legatee," said Nannette in slow, startled tones.

"That won't stand in law," sneered Mr. Dean.  
"You don't mean that you are going to turn me out of my own home?" exclaimed the girl, incredulously.

"Certainly not," again sneered Mr. Dean. "In the first place, you have no home—this place is mine; in the second, I expect you to go."

"To go!" echoed Nannette.  
"Certainly," was the cold reply. "You are nothing to me. My brother adopted you—I have nothing to do with that. You will therefore do me the favor to pack your clothing and leave at your earliest convenience. Of course I do not interfere with your appropriation of any personal effects."

A bow of dismissal followed the heartless words.  
Nannette rose with bursting heart, and was about to leave her room, when her eye fell on the old scrap-book which had been carelessly pushed to the back of the library table the last day of Frederick Dean's life, and had there remained.

"You will allow me that?" she murmured, huskily, indicating the desired book, adding, as she drew it toward her, and turned a few leaves: "For years it was my daily duty to paste those articles there, and—it is associated with him."

"It is valuable to me, you can take it," George Dean returned, majestically pushing it toward her.

She lifted it with a howl, and silently left the room. The rest of the day was spent in gathering her wardrobe together. It was nearing dusk when she took up the old scrap-book, intending to place it in the bottom of an empty trunk which she had devoted to her books. But with a burst of tears she sat down, and taking it in her lap, turned leaf after leaf, thinking as the turned only can think.

Twenty minutes later she had wrapped up the book, and was proceeding up town as rapidly as a horse-car would take her. She alighted at a handsome residence, and was shown into the private library of the owner, with whom she obtained an immediate interview.

Whatever the nature of the interview, it was soon at an end. Dusk had fallen when she returned to the place she had so lately considered her home, and she had barely freshened her toilet when the tea-bell rang. She descended at once, and entered the room with Mr. Dean, who had just come from the library. A look of supercilious surprise elevated his brow for a moment as he said:

"You did not get off this afternoon?"  
"No," answered Nannette simply; and, as usual, took her place behind the tea urn.

Evidently annoyed, Mr. Dean said, as he seated himself:  
"You go to-morrow, of course?"  
"It depends upon circumstances," returned Nannette, calmly.

A hot flush mounted the gentleman's brow, and he replied, angrily:  
"I shall see to it that the circumstances are quite favorable to your departure."

Nannette made no response, but proceeded to do the honors with the same ease and grace which had characterized her during her father's life, scrupulously observant of the courtesies due from hostess to guest.

"The impudent jade!" thought Mr. Dean, but he took his supper in sullen silence.

As they rose from the table there was a ring at the door-bell.

"Who can that be?" he said, and stood waiting.

will whether penned on a sheet of paper or in a book. Ah! there he goes," he smiled as the front door swung heavily to. "He will give you no more trouble."

Mr. Perkily was right. Mr. Dean had left, and Nannette heard from him no more.

"Poor Doggle,"  
Did you ever lie with your back to the field, and your feet to the camp fire, and listen to the "unearthly whisperings into the ear of night?" Have you ever listened, while your comrades slept, to the immediate sigh and moans of the wild woods? Have you ever heard, amid surroundings thus impressive, the fiendish screech and unearthly howl of the dolorous owl? Have you ever heard, during a starless night, the wolf's demoniac howl reverberating through his native wilds? Have you ever, under such circumstances, taken a retrospective view of your life, and witnessed the ghostly procession of your good and evil deeds marching before you? If you have not, I condole with you!

It may have been midnight when I was awakened by the voice of Mr. Horn calling, "hyur, fellow! hyur, fellow! hyur, doggle, good dog; come hyur, fellow, poor doggle!"

I arose and walked out. I heard Mr. Horn's voice again, calling to the "poor doggle." It was out in the woods some three hundred miles from camp.

"If he's gone a con hunting, I wonder why he didn't take the hound with him." I said to myself, as I unbuckled the collar and let him loose.

"Call again, Mr. Horn, he's loose now," said I.  
"Oh, I don't want him," responded Mr. Horn.

"What in the name of dim-wrapped mystery do you want?"  
"I'll tell you when I—confound the briars!"—and I heard Mr. Horn fall with crashing thud, as he had made a successful dive into a fallen tree top, and was increased at the kindly efforts of a briar to restrain his headlong impetuosity!

He struggled into camp at last.  
"What was it Mr. Horn?"  
"I heard a lost dog making so pitiable a howl that I could not stand it; so I've been out in the woods for the last half hour trying to coax 'im into camp; but I guess he's too shy."

"Oh, you ought to have heard 'em. You never heard such a voice. Why our hound's nowhere by the side of him."

"And then he howled so mournfully."  
"It was a hound?"  
"Oh, yes, a big one, too. Poor fellow, he's lost from his master, I presume," said the sympathetic Mr. Horn.

"If he howls again, wake me; I should like to hear him," said I, as we wrapped our blankets about us, and prepared to resign ourselves to the sweet restorator.

I may have been asleep an hour when Mr. Horn dealt me two or three vigorous digs in the short ribs with his elbow.

"Didn't you hear it?" asked Mr. Horn.  
"The hound?"  
"Yes, listen. There. Isn't he a big fellow?"

"Is that your dog, Mr. Horn?"  
"Yes; didn't you hear 'im?"  
"That's a wolf, Mr. Horn."  
"The devil!"

"Now go to sleep, please."  
Just as I was losing consciousness Mr. Horn called to me in a low voice:  
"Don't tell it, will you?"  
"Yes; if you wake me again to-night."

Egyptian Cheap Pottery.  
The sand was blowing heavily as we entered the town of Kenah. We had not been expected, so there was no ceremony, and we could wander as we pleased. We dismounted under green trees and went on foot to town, our donkeys and donkey boys following after. We strolled through the Bazaars, which meant that we crowded our way through narrow, dusty passages where the tradesman sold his wares. The assortment was not varied—beads, grain, cloths, dates, pipes and trinkets. We went into one house, where the potter was busy over his wheel.

In Kenah pottery is an industry. The clay makes a fragile, porous ware, through which the water evaporates in summer, acting as a filter and water-cooler. The vessels are grateful in summer days, and there is quite a trade in them between Kenah and Lower Egypt. We had observed them coming up in rafts of stone jars, bound together with boughs, or floating down the stream, very much as the old flat-bottoms used to float down the Mississippi to New Orleans, laden with Western produce. The jars kept their own buoyancy, and one raft would not require more than three or four men to ply it. The potter was very skillful. His child moistened the clay, and with deft fingers he fashioned it into form—into graceful lines and curving shapes, showing artistic sense and skill.

The cheapness of the work when done was amazing. The retail price was 80 cents a hundred for small jars used for the table. We went into a mill where the corn was grinding. It was the same process that we read about in the Bible—the horses going round and round, the grain crushing between an upper and nether stone and running into a mill.

We went into one of the houses of the common people. Hassan led the way and there was evidently no intrusion. A morsel of hasheesh would atone for any invasion of domestic privacy.

## Mrs. Kidd and the Burglar.

Mr. George W. Kidd was unexpectedly detained at his alcohol distillery in Washington street, New York, recently, owing to a change of workmen.

Mrs. Kidd, who had visited him at the distillery, returned to her home at 10 East Forty-seventh street at 9:30 o'clock. While she had been absent the guard chain at the front door had been attached as usual, but when she entered she left it unhooked, so that her husband could let himself in with his night key.

The house is one of a handsome brown stone row, which is guarded by a private watchman. Mrs. Kidd had allowed her maid to go to a party, and there were in the house, besides herself, only two women: kitchen servants.

Soon after her return home she went to bed. At 9:30 o'clock she was sitting up in bed reading. She heard a rustling of papers in the bath-room, which adjoins her bed-room on the second floor. Without a thought of fear she arose, and in a leisurely manner unlocked her bed-room door and drew back the bolt.

As she turned the knob the door was thrust open and a man sprang in. With his left hand he got a savage grip on her right shoulder, and with his right he pressed the muzzle of a cocked pistol against her temple. The light shone full in his face, and Mrs. Kidd says she never forgot him as long as she lives. He was only a little taller than herself. He wore a short, well-cut, chocolate-colored overcoat. His face was pale, and she is certain he was an American. His light moustache was handsomely trimmed, and his hands were as white as a lady's.

The door as it swung open screened the bed from view. He eagerly thrust his head forward until he could see that there was no one in the bed. Then he said: "Be quiet or I will kill you."

His voice was low, but she could not help noticing that the tones were not those of a man used to rough life. His manner, too, was as polite as was possible under the circumstances. He opened his eyes very wide and tried to scare her by the fierce expression of his face. He repeated his threat again and again: "Be quiet or I will kill you."

Mrs. Kidd replied: "You dare not kill me because my maid is in the next room."

Her right arm, unprotected except by her night-dress, was nearly paralyzed by his grip, but with her left she kept striking away the pistol from her forehead. He pressed her across the room until she got her back against the bureau. Then she made a desperate effort and pushed him back to the door, all the time screaming at the top of her voice. He then tried to trip her. In the struggle he kept treading on her bare feet, but he wore rubbers, so that they were only bruised and not cut. Her right side was bruised in the struggle.

Mrs. Kidd is a brunette, about 27 years of age, of the medium size, strong, quick and brave. Twice, she says, the burglar pushed her across the room to the bureau, and twice she pushed him back to the door. The second time she managed to shove him out into the hall. Here her screams were heard by the two women servants. They had not yet gone to bed, but they did not arrive on the scene of conflict in time to render aid. Mrs. Kidd continued to scream while she pushed her enemy half way down the stairs. At this point he made his last struggle. She had kept hold of the barrel of the pistol during most of the struggle. Now she succeeded in getting hold of it with her right hand also. He made a desperate effort to get it away. Her only thought was to prevent him from shooting her. In the struggle her right arm was badly sprained. Suddenly he let go of the pistol, and, turning around, gave one leap from the middle of the stairs to the bottom, and went out of the door like a shot, just as the two servants came up from the kitchen.

He left the front door ajar. Mrs. Kidd stood on the staircase a minute or two, and then hurried down and fell fainting at the bottom, with the pistol yet clenched in her hands. One of the servants ran out on the front stoop and screamed until some huckster walking in front of the Windsor Hotel came running to the house.

Lamoriere and the Garibaldian.  
Lamoriere, the French general so obnoxious to the patriotic Italians, arrived one day hungry as a hawk at a small inn in the outskirts of Capua, where he was received with the most amiable of smiles by the landlord. "To table" was the word, and already the host had brought in wine and macaroni, while the fowls were roasting, when one of Lamoriere's staff bending over whispered to his chief, "Don't eat General; drink nothing! It seems that we are in the den of a Garibaldian. It is quite likely that this wine is—"

"Poisoned?" "I wouldn't be surprised if it was!" "Bah!" said Lamoriere, wetting his lips with the fluid; then he started. The wine did taste queer, though of course that was not to be wondered at considering that it came from the near neighborhood of the landlord's oil stores. The General, however, did not stop to quare into this.

"Here you!" he cried to the innkeeper; "sit down here—opposite me!" "Opposite Your Excellency? Could I dare to take such a liberty?" stammered the man, with a guilty and embarrassed look.

"You'll have to dare to," thundered the General. "You order me to?" "I order you to!" "I must obey," and the man bowed profoundly and seated himself. "Good! Now, drink this!" "Drink this! Mont-Pulciano of the very best quality! Your Excellency is

## The Cemetery of Constantinople.

The largest and most interesting is the cemetery of Soutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. This cemetery is over three miles in length. The cypress trees, tall and slender, like the minarets attached to the mosques, being thickly planted, and the tombstones occupying in some places almost every foot of ground; render it rather a difficult matter for a person to wend his way through the fields of dead except over the main paths; and nothing can excel the startling effect of the dark mingled view you have, as far as the vision extends, of tombs and cypress trees. Many of the tombstones are capped with turban, the ample and painted folds of which resemble so much the real article that, in a hurried glance through the *champs des morts*, you would fancy it crowded with venerable Moslems, who are standing as sentinels over the graves of departed friends.

The inscriptions, as well as the ornamental designs, are in relief and generally gilded. Many of the marble slabs are painted a gaudy color, their bright hues affording a strange contrast with the cypress' gloomy shade. Some are carved and gilded with much elegance and good taste, but as a general thing they do not present an appearance that corresponds with our ideas of beauty. Only occasionally you see them surrounded and protected by any kind of enclosure; but those at Eyoub, on the Golden Hour, are first walled in, and then screened by fine wire-work that rises like an arbor above them. These are really beautiful, and are the tombs of distinguished characters.

Notwithstanding the superstitious nature of the orientals, they appear to have no particular dread of being near the buried dead. On the contrary, the cemeteries are among the favorite haunts of the Turkish females. I have seen those bordering its shores filled with Turkish women, who, wrapped in their gaily-colored "ferighes" and white "tushmaks," formed many a picturesque group. There, with naught but the grass-covered earth, or the cold marble slab as carpet or divan, will they while away many an hour, chatting, smoking, partaking of refreshments, surveying themselves in small mirrors, or watching the countless, varied and interesting objects passing before them, on land and water, as well as the frolicsome evolutions of the gaily dressed children, of whom, especially the boys, they appear to be excessively proud.

The tombs of the females are simply distinguished by a rose-branch being carved on them, and the style of the turban surmounting those of the males denotes the rank of the departed. The stones designating the graves of the once formidable and bloody Janizaries are clearly distinguishable by their being decapitated, their turbaned heads being struck off by the populace simultaneously with and soon after the destruction of that sanguinary band.

As the Turk, the Armenian, the Jew, and the Frank has each his particular quarter to reside in, so has each his separate and distinct section to be buried in. The tall and gloomy cypress and the turbaned stones are peculiarly Mahomedan—a horizontal position of the latter, with rude devices carved on them, showing the trade or profession of the deceased; circular holes for the birds to slake their thirst in, after refreshing rains, characterize the Armenian; simple marble slabs, lying flat on the ground, denote the Jewish burying grounds, whilst those of the French exhibit the usual features of a Christian place of interment. On account of the Mahomedans believing that at some future day European Turkey, with its beautiful capital, will pass into the hands of the "Giaour," they prefer being buried in Asiatic soil. Hence the immensity of the great cemetery of Soutari, in which lie in eternal repose as many bodies as would correspond with three or four times the present population of Constantinople.

A Phenomenal Young Shooter  
Captain Bogardus promises to find a rival for his shooting feats in his own son Eugene, who, although but thirteen years of age, handles the shot-gun with the dexterity of an old sportsman. Eugene is a guileless young country lad, and up to a week ago had never been out of his native village of Elkhart, Illinois. He has been habituated to the smell of powder from babyhood, and while yet a creeper on all-fours would mimic with the fire-poker his father's motions with the gun. At the age of eleven he went into the field and he can now knock over a prairie chicken or bag a snipe without the least ado. He came east with his father recently, and has been exhibiting his shooting talents at the Elkhart theatre in hitting glass balls from a screened trap. Armed with a straight bore Greener gun weighing eight pounds, ten bore, using three drachms of Dittmar powder and one ounce of shot, the little fellow fired at seventy-five single balls at fifteen yards breaking all but two, and at eight double rises he missed but a single ball, making in all ninety-two shots and three misses—a record which few professional shooters could hope to beat. The balls were of the ordinary two and one-half inch size; the gun was held as per rule, below the elbow, while the trap was hidden from view, and the direction of the ball not known to the shooter until sprung. The boy intends to follow shooting as a profession.

## Hasheesh Eating.

Without doubt, Eastern nations have been acquainted with hasheesh in one form or another from the earliest times. Herodotus, speaking of the Scythians, refers unmistakably to its use: "They take the seeds of this hemp, and placing it beneath woolen fleeces they throw upon it red-hot stones, when immediately a perfumed vapor ascends stronger than from any Grecian stove. This to the Scythians is in the place of a bath; and it excites from them cries of exultation." The Egyptians also had a knowledge of it, and Pliny mentions it as adverse to virile power. In the "Arabian Nights" it goes under the name of being—the modern bhang. It was accidentally rediscovered by the Arabs in the year 658 of the Hegira. Sheikh Haider, a hermit, was the discoverer; hence, the Arabic poets call the hasheesh the cup of Haider. The Arabians, however, soon perceived its injurious effects, and a law, was at one time made against hasheesh, the punishment being extraction of the hasheesh-eater's teeth. Dr. Homberger, who was a physician for thirty-five years at the Court of Lahore, says that the great fondness of the people for a drink prepared from hasheesh induced the king to make a gratuitous distribution of it. Depots were established called *said gunjah*, where the people came in crowds for the beverage. The doctor found that inebriation began in about half an hour after the imbibition of the fluid, and lasted from three to four hours, producing an agreeable exhilaration of the spirits and leaving none of those depressing effects which result from the use of intoxicating drinks.

The chief peculiarity of the hasheesh vision is its immense exaggeration of time and space. Moments appear to be thousands of years. Narrowly circumscribed views seem to run out into vistas embracing not only this earth but the entire vastness of the universe. M. Moreau found everything appearing to his eyes "as it does on looking through the wrong end of a telescope." Bayard Taylor says, "the fulness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing, years, seemed to have elapsed." A Frenchman, an habitual swallower of narcotics, states that one evening in traversing the passage of the opera under its influence, "the time occupied in taking a few steps seemed to be hours, and the passage interminable." The intensifying of sounds is another peculiar phenomenon of the hasheesh condition. An amateur relates that "the ticking of my watch sounded louder than that of the kitchen clock," while another records that the beating of his heart resounded in his ears like the blows of a vast hammer.

The experiences of the French savant, M. Berthault, are curious. Having swallowed a large dose, and while yet under its effect, a band began playing beneath his windows. He says he had never known what music was before then. He became able to distinguish the part taken by each instrument. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colors, intertwining, weaving and knotting themselves in a most capricious manner. After a while the ribbons changed, and each note became a flower, and the flowers formed wreaths and garlands in which the harmony of color represented the harmony of sound. The flowers yielded to precious stones, which rose in fountains, fell in cascades and streamed away in all directions. The band now played a waltz, and M. Berthault had a realization of Coleridge's "Kubla Kahn." A multitude of gorgeously decorated and illuminated saloons appeared, and all gradually merged into one surmounted by an enormous dome built of colored crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved and a still more glorious one replaced it. A series of domes then arose, each more gorgeous than its predecessor, while at the same time an innumerable assemblage executed a frantic waltz, rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall. Large doses of hasheesh frequently cause hallucinations of the most fantastic and gorgeous kind.







ED. G. CALDWELL,

(At the old FINEY CORNER.)  
Has on hand the best brands of  
Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO,  
including the popular Swanson's Pride  
and the celebrated Durham Smoking  
Tobacco. He has the largest stock of  
CIGARS in town. Among his brands  
you will find the Solace, Margarita, Roy,  
Standard and the favorite Tidal  
Wave.

Chocolate, Gelatine, Imported Chow  
Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon &  
Canned Goods in great variety at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat,  
Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese  
at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those choice Sugar  
Cured HAMS at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at  
the old FINEY CORNER.  
Fresh Ham at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Choice Vegetable and Flower  
Seeds for sale cheap at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the  
Towers patent at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tin-ware at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of Kerosene oil at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at E. G.  
CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers' prices at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Get your 20 macaroni for one  
dollar at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

You just ought to try the Little  
Fairy, a pure Havana five cent  
cigar, for sale at the Red Store.

A lot of nice Side Meat, at  
MADDOX & PRIVETT'S, cheap for  
cash.

A fine lot of Harness Leather,  
fair or black, at the Red Store,  
can be bought at 33 cents per  
pound by the side.

Several nice Kip and Calf Skins;  
also side up, cheap at M. & L.

North Eastern seed Potatoes,  
the best on the market at the Red  
Store.

MADDOX & PRIVETT have  
a lot of SMOKED JOWLS, the  
cheapest meat you can buy.

HONEY strained or in the comb  
at the Red Store.

MADDOX & PRIVETT claim  
to have the BEST TOBACCO in  
town—try it and see if they are  
right.

Go TO THE RED STORE to  
GET your PLOW gear.

Sugars, Coffees, Tobacco, Meat,  
Flour &c., always on hand at  
red store price at the Red Store.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The publication of Roll of Honor de-  
ferred till next paper.

Jos. H. Francis, Jr., of New York,  
is visiting Jacksonville.

Sewing Machines Needles 50 cts.  
a doz., or 4 for 25 cts. J. T. Tinsley

Rev. Mr. Richardson, has gone to  
Knoxville, Tennessee, to attend Pres-  
bytery.

Lost Money by not taking your  
Watches and Clocks to J. E. TINSLEY,  
Jacksonville, Ala. May 11, '78. U.

The "City Bar" advertises this week.  
In the language of the advertisement,  
"gentlemen if you will drink go to the  
City Bar and get a good article."

Baltimore Shoes cheaper than  
ever, at  
A. MEYERS & CO.

We return thanks to Mrs. Judge  
Cannon for a lot of very fine Irish  
sweet potatoes. The latter were of last  
year's season, but perfectly preserved  
and very palatable.

Rev. C. M. Livingston will deliver a  
Lecture on Baptism, in the Methodist  
Church in Jacksonville, on the 1st Sun-  
day in June, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Dead—A great many Watches and  
Clocks that can be put to running by  
J. E. TINSLEY, Jacksonville, Ala.  
May 11th, '78. U.

The Talladega County Convention  
nominated for Legislature, Frank W.  
Bryden and Dr. J. W. Hancock, both  
known and esteemed in this section of  
country.

Etowah County Convention nomi-  
nated Dr. Ralls for the Legislature.

Attention is directed to the advertise-  
ment of the "New Family Grocery" of  
Mr. WILLIAMS. He has on hand an  
excellent stock of everything in that  
line of business and positively gives  
good bargains. Mr. DRISBELL will take  
pleasure in showing goods to customers.

We are selling our Dress Goods  
at New York wholesale prices, at  
A. MEYERS & CO'S New Store.

Messrs. Walter G. Caldwell, J. H.  
Francis and J. L. Mattison made and  
operated a telephone from the REPU-  
BLICAN office to the upper story of the  
court-house, and hold some rich conver-  
sations over it Thursday.

The S. R. D. R. R., will sell tickets  
on the 26th, over the line from Jack-  
sonville to Calera and return, good for  
eight days, for \$5.00. From the 26th  
to the 29th tickets will be good for  
seven days.

All Styles Clocks, Watches, Jew-  
elry and Sewing Machines, &c., neatly  
and cheaply repaired, and warranted by  
J. E. TINSLEY, Jacksonville, Ala.  
May 11th, '78. U.

The attention of voters is directed to  
the card of Mr. W. P. Cooper, pub-  
lished this week. We deem it proper  
to state that we have been shown cer-  
tificates from the county officers of Polk  
county, Tennessee, over their seals of  
office, touching the matters alluded to in  
his card, and they bear him out in every  
statement that he makes in regard to  
his status during the war.

We have received a lot of Un-  
dressed shirts, linen bosom at 75  
cents a piece.

A. MEYERS & CO'S  
New Cash Store.

Mr. J. M. Alexander left Jacksonville  
Tuesday to attend the meeting at Chat-  
tahoque of the Society of Mining Engi-  
neers of America. He is authorized by  
the Board of Trade of Mobile to invite  
them to hold their next meeting in that  
city. He is also authorized by the May-  
or of Jacksonville to invite a delegation  
of them to visit this place and look at  
the mineral country surrounding us.

BITTEN BY A RATTLE SNAKE.—Some  
days ago a colored boy by name of Tom  
Bush, while at work on a farm two  
miles below Jacksonville, saw a rabbit  
disappear in a hole under some rocks.  
He went to the spot and foolishly ran  
his hand in after it. Feeling his hand  
bitten by something he hastily  
withdrew it, and in doing so pulled out a  
huge rattlesnake that had buried its fangs  
into his flesh. It was some time be-  
fore the proper remedies could be ap-  
plied and he suffered intensely, but at  
last account he was doing well. The  
snake was not killed.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. May 23, '78

Messrs. Linder & Montgomery.

Through the kindness of Mr. Grant,  
I had the use of one of your distribu-  
tors while planting my little crop this  
spring, and must say it did admirably.  
Does good work and is a great econo-  
mizer of both labor and compost. I  
think all our planters who make any  
considerable quantity of manure would  
do it greatly to their interest to use  
them.

We have again reduced our  
prices, and if you like to buy bargains,  
come and convince yourself.

Respectfully,  
A. MEYERS & CO'S  
Cheap Cash Store.

MARTIN'S ROAD LOCALS

Mr. E. M. Reid is happy. It is a  
"big bouncing baby boy."

A copious shower gladdened farmers  
hearts last Saturday night.

A child of Mr. G. H. Glenn died last  
Friday night, and was buried at Union  
church Sunday.

Preaching at Mr. Irvin Martin's next  
Sabbath, by Rev. M. Ammons. Also  
at Morrisville M. E. church, by Rev.  
C. M. Livingston.

Rev. C. M. Livingston delivered a  
very exhaustive sermon at Union church  
last Sabbath, on Water Baptism, by the  
aid of personal illustrations.

A delightful time is contemplated at  
the Grange Hall to-morrow (Wednes-  
day) night in the shape of the light  
fantastic, or something more moral.

Crops in this vicinity are in fine  
condition; corn looks well; also cotton.  
The weather having been lovely, farmers  
have sown things. Wheat is not very  
good; head low, short and rust.  
Half crop is what is expected.

The negroes in the vicinity of Mid-  
dleton had a fracas, we are authentically  
informed, Saturday night. Green Bro-  
derick, (col.) fatally stabbed Major Crook,  
(col.) severely wounding him and several  
other dangerous wounds. Bonds re-  
sisted. Dr. Brothers says the other  
cannot recover.

Pic-nics will soon—and are now in or-  
der. Let us give the "candidates" a  
chance to shake our hands and say:  
"Howdy, howdy, how do you do."  
I am well, how are you?

A gay time is anticipated at Mr.  
Irvin Martin's Spring, Saturday June  
1st, at the picnic. Let all come and  
bring plenty of life comforts, and allay:  
"Now good digestion wait on appetite."

We have received a new lot of  
Bleached Domestic—and sell the same  
at very low prices, at  
A. MEYERS & CO.

A CARD.

ALEXANDRIA, ALA. May 21, '78.

To the voters of Calhoun County.

Since my name has been announced  
as a candidate to represent this county  
in the next Legislature, I am credi-  
bly informed that there is being circu-  
lated in different parts of the county  
rumors charging that my war record is  
bad, and in some portions of the county  
I am accused of having been on the  
wrong side, intimating that I had not  
been a true Southern man. I am un-  
able to find out the author of these  
reports, and am forced to make this public  
denunciation. I pronounce the rumors  
as being malignant and false in every  
allusion, and those who have given  
them circulation, and who are au-  
thority, are and are justified in this un-  
warranted attack. I voted for seces-  
sion and every act of my life was in sup-  
port of and sympathy for the success of  
the Southern cause.

I was made Deputy Sheriff of my  
county, (Polk county, Tennessee) in the  
fall of 1860, just previous to the break-  
ing out of the war. In the spring of 1861,  
the Sheriff, Mr. H. Hancock raised a com-  
pany and went in to the war, leaving the  
office in my care during that year. In March 1862,  
I was elected Sheriff by a handsome ma-  
jority, the county being largely in favor  
of secession, and I continued to discharge  
the duties of the office as Sheriff until  
October 1863, at which time the Federal  
army gained possession of my county, and  
the office was wrested from me and  
given to a Union man by appointment  
of the Military Governor of Tennessee.  
I have been loyal to this country  
at all rights before the war, and I  
think I can say that I was not what I  
was during the war. I have never  
given my support since the war, in any  
election, to any man who was not hono-  
rably the representative of the Demo-  
cratic party. I have under these state-  
ments which are true and correct, the  
contradiction of which I challenge, being  
fully prepared to sustain them. I ask  
your pardon for troubling you to read  
this statement of facts, and hope there  
will arise no necessity for me to this  
trouble you again.

I am very respectfully yours, &c.

W. P. COOPER.

CORN GROVE, ALA. May 15, '78.

TO THE REPUBLICAN:

Having been informed that there  
is being circulated, to some extent  
in this county, rumors reflecting  
upon the character of Mr. W. P.  
Cooper in regard to his war record  
and otherwise, and my name having  
been associated with the report by  
some cause unknown to me, I take  
this method of refuting the same, and  
pronounce it (the report) as false  
in every particular. I can fully  
endorse Mr. Cooper's record, and  
say to the Public that he met every  
responsibility in life, before and  
during the war in a high and gen-  
tlemanly manner. I have known  
Mr. Cooper since my early boy-  
hood—he is socially a lighted  
gentleman—was during the war a  
warm secessionist and true South-  
ern man; as a Public officer he was  
correct and active, fully meeting  
the demands the high trust impos-  
ed upon him.

WILLIAM A. WOOD.

The Democrats will now lay bare the  
true inwardness of the Florida and Lou-  
isiana business, and the whole world  
will soon have before it unimpeachable  
evidence that Mr. Hayes' title to the  
Presidency is fraudulent. There is no  
help for it. The thing is done to come  
out despite the attempts by Radicals  
and soap-tail Democrats to prevent  
investigation may show. Tilden has not  
the least shot for the office. He show-  
ed himself conspicuously wanting in  
courage at the critical period, and as far  
as we are concerned, we are free to say  
we want no more of S. J. Tilden. He  
won't do.—Savannah Times.

Thousands in San Francisco would  
starve to death if charitable institutions  
did not give them their daily bread.  
Last month one single such institution  
gave shelter to 44 persons, distributed  
30,000 rations, and wood, coal, shoes,  
clothes and medicines to 250 families;  
yet many were left without the neces-  
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